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# Sewanee Review

[Founded 1892]

*A Quarterly of Life and Letters*

EDITED BY

WILLIAM S. KNICKERBOCKER

July-September, 1932

IN THIS ISSUE:

JOHN DOS PASSOS.....*Alan Calmer*

PATER AND THE GOOD LIFE.....*Edwin B. Burgum*

WILLIAM FAULKNER AT HOME.....*A. Wigfall Green*

MAKING THINGS IMPORTANT.....*T. Swann Harding*

THE MISUSED WASHINGTON.....*Henry W. Lawrence*

Poems by John Wheelwright, Sherry Mangan, Eugene  
M. Kayden, and Alice Freda Braunlich.

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Emphasizing The Liter-  
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# Sewanee Review

VOL. XL

No. 3

JULY-SEPTEMBER, 1932

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*The second installment of the first chapter of a doctoral dissertation on the contents of this Quarterly in its first thirty-seven volumes (1892-1930). The book was published by the George Peabody College for Teachers at Nashville from which it may be obtained. The charts will illustrate the progress and variations of editorial policy since the establishment of THE SEWANEE REVIEW.*

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*The extraordinary, and perhaps extravagant, praise of William Faulkner; the novelist who wrote Sanctuary and As I Lay Dying, is a distinctive sign of the generous and tolerant curiosity in Southern writers by critics in America and England. Faulkner is a regionalist, disturbed by current psychological nihilism, who has succeeded admirably in depicting the landscapes and mores (on a Freudian level) of lower Mississippi. Dr. Green's delightful essay comments on Faulkner's genius in depicting this section of the South and supplies an intelligent and necessary challenge to his philosophy.*

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*Among the neglected Southerners of the "Advancing South" era was James Woodrow, the maternal uncle of President Wilson. His importance in resisting Southern "mummyism", as Walter Hines Page called the prevalent cultural and intellectual inertia of that time, should not be forgotten. His labors and achievements are clearly set forth by Philip Graham.*

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*In this essay, Dr. Harding's irony takes a turn different from his usual form. Ritual, he says in effect, makes things "important" but the ritualism he means is the tired addiction to routine and convention of souls at ease in Zion.*

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*The celebrations of the two-hundredth anniversary of George Washington's birth have largely become occasions for ceremonial oratory which misses the real significance of Washington as a statesman for our own day. That Washington was not a provincial isolationist but had a vivid and lively sense of the political necessity of an integrating harmonization of divergencies in the United States is profitably indicated by Professor Lawrence in this essay.*

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*John Dos Passos, who recently published 1919, is one of the most promising of our younger novelists. "He believes," says Mr. Calmer, "That a dynamic American literature can be created out of the new problems which industrialism brings . . . It seems safe to say that our literature will not continue in the directions blazed by our expatriates, our isolates, our Humanists, or our Agrarians. It is more likely that the rising generation will look to the work of men like Dos Passos for their literary guidance."*

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*Continuing the effort to expose the futility of some post-war literary trends in France which have had a preposterous effect upon some of the more solemn literary experimenters among us, Mr. Schnurer humorously dilates on the French literary wag, Alfred Jarry—"this fumiste whose whole existence was a series of gestures."*

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The New Jargon in Criticism.....	Leo A. Spiegel
Thomas Mann's New Message.....	Harry Schlochower
Through Seas of Blood.....	Charles Christopher Mierow
Figures of Allegory: Cabell.....	Leon Howard
Religious Moods in Modern Poetry.....	Bernard E. Meland
Melodramatic Mrs. Wharton.....	Frances Theresa Russell
Humanism and Folly.....	Arthur E. DuBois
James Hervey Otey.....	Moultrie Guerry



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## NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

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L. C. HARTLEY, a member of the English Department of North Carolina College, has frequently contributed verse and reviews to this Quarterly.

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HERMAN SCHNURER lives in New York City.

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CARROLL LANE FENTON, PH.D., formerly of the University of Buffalo, now lives in Iowa and frequently contributes essays on scientific subjects and reviews of books to various periodicals.

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MAURICE HALPERIN is a member of the Romance Languages Department of the University of Oklahoma and is an assistant editor of *Books Abroad* to which he frequently contributes.

ELIZABETH D. WHEATLEY (Mrs. D. S. Wheatley) contributed "Norman Douglass" to a recent issue of this Quarterly and has often appeared as a reviewer.

by Alice Lucille Turner

## THE SEWANEE REVIEW

(Continued from the April-June Issue)

A recent tribute is the dedication by Frank Luther Mott of his study entitled *A History of American Magazines: 1741-1850* (Appleton and Company, 1930) to William Peterfield Trent, "a kindly scholar to whom research in American literature owes much."

After editing the *Sewanee Review* for eight years, William Peterfield Trent left the University of the South for a professorship in English at Columbia University.

His successors were John Bell Henneman and Burr J. Ramage. In the first issue they edited is a statement of their intention to carry on the *Review* according to the former policies. This includes subjects not mentioned in the original statement of purpose but frequently discussed during the first years:

Every effort will be made to maintain and advance the high standard and character of the contributions in the domain of literary study, history, and criticism, and in the discussion of pressing economical and sociological problems. Believing that in the sphere of thought and letters there can be nothing sectional and partisan, the *Sewanee Review* seeks to extend its influence by representing, in the highest and widest sense, the best and most recent life and thought and culture of the South and of our country.<sup>40</sup>

Both the associate editor and the editor contributed frequently. Most of the articles by the former are on historical, economic, and sociological subjects; those of the latter, on educational and literary subjects. Mr. Ramage's contributions are:

Sam Houston and Texan Independence, II, 309-321.

Dr. Ely on Social Reform, III, 105-110.

The Railroad Question, III, 189-208.

British Municipalities, III, 314-328.

Mr. Bryce on Southern Politics, III, 437-446.

Homicide in the Southern States, IV, 212-232.

Modern Taxation, IV, 312-325.

The Dissolution of the "Solid South," IV, 493-510.

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<sup>40</sup>Notes, VIII, 512.

- Tennessee's Place in History, V, 171-191.
- Bodley's France, VI, 432-438.
- Awakened China, VII, 53-67.
- The Partition of Africa, VII, 221-238.
- The Hegemony of Russia, VII, 303-322.
- Prince Bismarck and German Unity, VII, 444-468.
- The Canadian Mounted Police, VIII, 290-296.
- The Situation in China, VIII, 478-483.
- Hugh Swinton Legaré, X, 43-55; 167-180.
- (With William P. DuBose), Wade Hampton, X, 364-373.

Mr. Henneman contributed the following studies:

- Historical Studies in the South since the War, I, 322-339.
- The Study of English in the South, II, 180-197.
- The Nestor of Hungarian Letters, IV, 189-211.
- Recent Tennessee History by Tennesseans, IV, 439-466.
- The Man Shakespeare: His Growth as An Artist, V, 95-126.
- The Late Professor Baskervill, VIII, 27-44.
- Dryden after Two Centuries, IX, 57-72.
- The Brontë Sisters, IX, 220-234.
- Some Present Educational Problems, IX, 312-327.
- (With B. J. Ramage) President McKinley, IX, 483-493.
- (With William Norman Guthrie) Two Younger Poets, X, 68-79.
- Ten Years of the Sewanee Review: A Retrospect, X, 477-492.
- The Trend of Modern Literature, XI (1903), 161-168.
- The National Element in Southern Literature, XI, 345-366.
- The British Novel in the Nineteenth Century, XII (1904), 167-173.
- Two Brothers: John Paul Bocock and Walter Kemper Bocock, XII, 493-503.
- The Biography of Sidney Lanier, XIV (1906), 352-357.
- (With William Porcher DuBose) George Rainford Fairbanks, XIV, 493-503.
- The Semi-Centennial of the Idea of a Federated Inter-State American University, XV (1907), 377-384.
- Shakespeare in Recent Years:
  - I. His Relation to His Predecessors, XVI (1908), 62-84.
  - II. The Theme of Tragedies, XVI, 184-201.
- The South's Opportunity in Education, XVII (1909), 88-104.

Other publications of Mr. Henneman's are *Shakespeare and Other Papers*, published at the University of the South shortly after his death; and, with William Peterfield Trent, an edition of *The Works of William M. Thackeray*, and, with Trent and Benjamin W. Wells, *The New Grant White Shakespeare*.<sup>41</sup>

<sup>41</sup>*Who's Who in America*, 1928-29, p. 2083.



An especially valuable bit of editorial work done while Mr. Henneman and Mr. Ramage were in charge is the classified table of contents for all the material which appeared in the *Sewanee Review* for the first ten years. This appeared in 1902, and is the only table of contents which the *Review* has had listing the material of more than one year.

In interests and achievements the men supplemented one another in a way that contributed to the success of the *Review*. Mr. Ramage's name did not appear on the title page after 1901. He left the University of the South, in 1905, to take a position in the United States Department of Labor and Commerce. On March 23, 1914, he died in Washington, D.C., and was buried at Sewanee a few days later.<sup>41</sup>

No one took his place as associate editor, but Mr. B. Lawton Wiggins of the faculty was still helping. In a letter from Mr. Trent to Mr. Henneman is this tribute:

I want it in the first place distinctly understood that the *Review* owes as much to Wiggins as it does to me or to any one else. Without his sympathy at the beginning, it would never have been started, and without his faith in it and me, and his financial backing, it would have stopped in a short time. There were several financial crises in which he came to the rescue.<sup>42</sup>

After his death, this paragraph appeared in the *Review* as part on an unsigned editorial:

In 1893, Dr. Wiggins was the only member of the trio left at Sewanee, and for sixteen years, as representing the interests of the University, he bore the responsibility of the publication. Dr. John Bell Henneman succeeded Professor Trent as the editor and did his work with conspicuous ability; but Dr. Wiggins really carried the burden up to the very day of his untimely death, June 14, 1909.<sup>43</sup>

Most of Mr. Henneman's editorials as well as many of his articles attest his keen interest in educational problems. His work for the advancement of educational standards in the South was outstanding. His address before the Association of Colleges

<sup>41</sup>"Editorial Note," XXII, 384.

<sup>42</sup>Quoted by Henneman in "Ten Years of the *Sewanee Review*," X, 477.

<sup>43</sup>"Benjamin Lawton Wiggins," XVII, 365.

and Preparatory Schools of the Southern States, at Chattanooga, November 5, 1908, was probably his last public act. The subject was "The South's Opportunity in Education: The Problem of the Application of Standards." The author of the unsigned introduction to Dr. DuBose's talk on "The Late Editor of the Sewanee Review" refers to the address as "the final word upon the subject of entrance requirements for colleges."<sup>18</sup>

In this article Mr. Henneman is praised as a great educator and editor. Particularly interesting here is the series of questions about his editorship:

It would be difficult now to say in what respect his genius for the conduct of the *Review* was most clearly manifested. Was it his broad and accurate scholarship which met all the many demands made upon it in an editorial position of that kind? Was it the quick discernment of what was excellent, not only to his taste, but to the taste of the cultivated public which the *Review* was to serve? Was it his ability to command the class of articles which the *Review* has been privileged to present to its readers, which otherwise would have been impossible? Was it the exquisite courtesy which made every contributor feel a personal interest in the *Review*? Certain it is that Dr. Henneman combined all these qualities and by this combination succeeded in the most difficult task of maintaining the policies of the founders of the *Review*.<sup>19</sup>

Mr. Henneman died in November, 1908. Before his death, he had practically arranged for the publication of the January, 1909, issue. The faculty of the University edited the seventeenth volume. In the November issue they announced that John McLaren McBryde, Ph.D., had been appointed to the editorship, that the only change in policy would be in the direction of improvement, and that a continuance of the same kind of reception the *Review* had received, was sought.<sup>20</sup>

Mr. McBryde had contributed to the *Sewanee Review* before he became editor. His articles are not numerous, but they represent varied interests and thorough knowledge. They are here listed in the order of their appearance:

<sup>18</sup>XVII, 105-114.

<sup>19</sup>Unsigned sketch preceding William P. DuBose's address on John Bell Henneman, "The Late Editor of the Sewanee Review," XVII, 107.

<sup>20</sup>"Note," XVII, 512.

A New Edition of Cowley, XIV (1906), 247-253.

Womanly Education for Women, XV (1907), 467-484.

Brer Rabbit in Folk-Tales, XIX (1911), 185-206.

Phi Beta Kappa Society: Past and Present, XXIII (1915), 209-229.

Some Mediaeval Charms, XXV (1917), 292-304.

Twenty-five years of the Sewanee Review, XXV, 511-512.

Biography with a Drag-Net, XXVII (1919), 239-243.

Mr. McBryde's dissertation written at Johns Hopkins is *A Study of Cowley's DAVIDEIS*.

Many of the articles which appeared during the editorship of Mr. McBryde are distinguished for their scholarly qualities. Some give evidence of exact and exhaustive research and are real contributions to the knowledge of literature; for example, "From Æsop to Mark Twain"<sup>1</sup> and "Some Unpublished Documents Relating to Poe's Early Years," by Campbell;<sup>2</sup> "Poe's Signature to 'The Raven,'" by Joseph Jackson,<sup>3</sup> and "The Flower of Souvenance: A Moment in the Twilight of Chivalry," by H. N. MacCracken.<sup>4</sup> A large share of the contributions of the *Review* to folk literature, especially to poetry, appeared during these years. Among them are these: "The Mediaeval Popular Ballad," by Henry Marvin Belden;<sup>5</sup> "Scottish Ballads," by William Hand Browne,<sup>6</sup> "Our Earliest English Masterpiece," by James Routh;<sup>7</sup> "Cowboy Songs on the Mexican Border," by John A. Lomax;<sup>8</sup> "The Return of the Dead in Ballad Literature," by Edward Godfrey Cox;<sup>9</sup> "Irish Mythology," by George Townshend,<sup>10</sup> and "Quips and Cranks of the Ancient Irish," by Lucille Needham.<sup>11</sup>

Beginning with the 1913 volume, alphabetical lists of the names of contributors, with addresses, and of the reviewers were included.

The second historical sketch of the *Review* appeared at the end of the twenty-fifth year. In this Mr. McBryde praised the work of the former editors and of the Rev. Telfair Hodgson, Bishop

<sup>1</sup>XIX, 43-49. This article traces the story of "The Dog's Tale" from a version of 500 B.C. to that of Mark Twain.

<sup>2</sup>XX (1912), 201-212.

<sup>3</sup>XXVI (1918), 272-278.

<sup>4</sup>XX, 366-376.

<sup>5</sup>XXIII, 484-493.

<sup>6</sup>XX, 129-153.

<sup>7</sup>XIX, 29-42.

<sup>8</sup>XIX, 1-18.

<sup>9</sup>XX, 342-365.

<sup>10</sup>XXIII, 458-467.

<sup>11</sup>XXIV (1916), 313-330.

Gailor, Vice-Chancellor Wiggins, Vice-Chancellor Hall, and the Rev. Arthur Gray who gave of their time and their money. He thanked, too, the contributors who without receiving any financial rewards gave freely and helped make the magazine what it is."

Of course the editor mentioned a number of external facts, but those of the first years have already been considered, and those of Mr. McBryde's editorship are more vividly related in a letter from him to the author of this study:

Nominally issued by the University of the South, that institution contributed at first my salary of three hundred dollars annually, as it had originally allowed Professor Henneman, my predecessor, his house rent free. Later on, however, under Bishop Knight, who succeeded Dr. Hall, my salary was stopped in view of an annual deficit, which the University was unwilling to assume. At the outset the magazine, as I understand it, was financed by Dr. Hodgson, who allowed the University to get all the credit for it. When I took charge the University did not claim ownership and was unwilling to assume any financial responsibility, as the University itself was then having to meet an annual deficit of a good many thousand dollars. It happened, however, for several years that one good friend after another came forward to pay the deficit on the *Review*. There was no managing editor, no treasurer, no regular business manager. . . . As a consequence subscriptions lapsed and the deficit increased. There was no editorial board, no secretary to carry on correspondence. The full burden of editing, reading proof, making up each issue, carrying on the correspondence was borne by the sole editor, who was like the famous crew of the *Nancy Brig*. When the good friends of the magazine left the mountain and there was no one to assume the deficit, the University authorities refused to assume it, and certain alumni agreed to meet it, so that it struggled on for one more year, expecting each to be the last. Then, when the alumni failed to meet their obligations, five members of the Faculty, including myself, agreed to under-write it, and carried it for two years, meeting the deficit out of our own pockets. Finally, the *Sewanee Review Incorporated* was formed, a corporation not for profit, formed under the laws of the state, with individual liabilities not exceeding five dollars. You will find the list of incorporators in this issue of April (1917). Through the efforts of the members of this corporation advertisements were se-

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"Twenty-Five Years of the *Sewanee Review*," XXV (1917), 512.



cured and the *Review* was at last able to meet its obligations at the end of each year.

While I was connected with it the *Review* was printed at the University Press on the mountain, under the able direction of Mr. A. C. Sneed, a man of unusual artistic taste, whose work attracted attention of people all over the country. The printed page of the *Review* compared favorably with that of any other magazine in the land. The four issues were printed at the amazing price of \$800, four hundred copies of each issue.

Thus the *Review* was a sort of stepchild, a burden to those who, while admiring its good qualities, were either unable or unwilling to contribute to its support, some considering it a mere luxury that the University could ill afford, others seeing in it only a liability which should be wiped out as soon as possible. Its very existence through all these years, keeping Sewanee on the map as a place of culture and scholarship, is little less than miracle. It published the preliminary chapters of Gamaliel Bradford's *Lee the American* and other essays of this well-known writer, who declared: "I have no hesitation in saying that I know of nothing in the country that has exactly the same function as the *Sewanee Review*" (1912). And in that same year President Alderman wrote: "The history of the *Sewanee Review* is a kind of miracle to me."<sup>10</sup>

In the November, 1919, issue appeared the editor's announcement of his resignation to accept the chair of English at Tulane University and his expression of gratitude to the faculties of the University and of the Sewanee Military Academy and to the contributors for courtesy and support.<sup>11</sup>

The Tulane *Hullabaloo* for January 17, 1930, had Mr. McBryde's picture and a sketch entitled "McBryde Saved Sewanee Review in Hard Days." Reference is made to the statement in the then current issue of the *Review* that he is the man responsible for the survival of the *Sewanee Review* during the trying period of the World War, and some of the difficulties of those trying years are enumerated. The most important fact is that the editor's efforts succeeded and the *Review* was saved.<sup>12</sup>

The most obvious change made in the *Sewanee Review* when George Herbert Clarke became editor was the inclusion of poetry.

<sup>10</sup>Excerpt from a letter dated January 27, 1930.

<sup>11</sup>XXVII, 514.

<sup>12</sup>P. 1.

Since 1920, poetry has been used to a limited extent. Another change is the use of his initials with his reviews. Mr. Trent signed a number of reviews; Mr. Henneman and Mr. McBryde usually did not.

Besides book reviews, Mr. Clarke contributed the following poems and articles:

Confessional, XXVIII (1920), 257.

Two Quatrains, XXXII (1924), 29.

Debate, XXXII, 138.

Browning's "A Blot in the 'Scutcheon': A Defense, XXVIII, 212-227.

Joseph Conrad and His Art, XXX (1922), 258-276.

Various Mr. Masfield, XXXI (1923), 237-245.

John Masfield and Jezebel, XXXII, 225-242.

Refocussing Shelley, XXXIII (1921), 88-94.

Amy Lowell's Life of John Keats, XXXIII, 335-350.

What is Literature? XXXV (1923), 53-71.

Mr. Clarke has edited and written a number of books. Among the works he has edited are Bacon's *Essays*, *Selected Poems of Shelley*, *Some Early Letters and Reminiscences of Sidney Lanier*, *A Treasury of War Poetry*, First and Second Series, and *Selected Poems of Browning*.<sup>22</sup> He is the author of essays, textbooks and poems.<sup>23</sup> His latest publication is *The Hasting Day* a collection of about fifty poems. Many of these appeared first in such journals as the *Atlantic Monthly*, the *Athenaeum*, the *Forum*, and the *English Review*.<sup>24</sup>

Many facts concerning the *Sewanee Review* during the editorship of Mr. Clarke are given by him in a letter written at the request of the author of this study. It seems best to give these by quoting excerpts:

You ask whether during my editorship of the *Sewanee Review* there was a Managing Editor. The answer is in the negative. It was necessary for me not only to secure eligible manuscripts from scholars and literary men and women in the United States and elsewhere, but also to undertake the necessary editing of such manuscripts as might require it and to read all the proofs, both in galley form and in page form.

<sup>22</sup>*Who's Who Among the American Authors*, III (1927-28), p. 186.

<sup>23</sup>*Loc. cit.*

<sup>24</sup>Noted by Donald Davidson in "The Weekly Review—A Page about Books," the *Nashville Tennessean*, May 11, 1930.

These proof-readings formed a fairly heavy burden, involving anywhere from four to six complete readings before the article in question finally appeared in print. In addition to this it was necessary not only to find competent book-reviewers both at Sewanee and elsewhere, but also myself to undertake a large number of reviews, some of which took the form of review-articles—that is, essays of several pages in length which would undertake to deal with a group of books having relation to one general topic or belonging in the same category.

Although there was no editorial assistant, there was, of course, a business manager, who looked after such matters as the receipt of subscriptions, the sending out of bills for subscriptions, circulation, etc.

You ask whether I can indicate which articles were reprinted in pamphlet form and which became parts of books. I am afraid I can do this only in a very general way, since I shall have to rely on my memory in this matter, having no formal records which will enable me to answer your questions more accurately. My recollection then is that in Volume XXVIII (1920) the following articles were reprinted in pamphlet form:

"Browning's A Blot in the 'Scutcheon: A Defence," by George Herbert Clarke.

"Free Verse and Its Propaganda," by Llewellyn Jones. (This article has since appeared in a volume of Mr. Jones' called *First Impressions*, published by Alfred A. Knopf).

"Newman's Literary Preferences," by Stanley T. Williams (I feel pretty certain that this also appeared in a volume.)

"Business and Politics at Carthage," by Benjamin W. Wells.

"Education and Religion," by Chilton Latham Powell:

"The Spirit of Horace," by Arthur L. Keith.

In Volume XXIX (1921) the following appeared in pamphlet form:

"Reflection upon Revolutions at L'Abbaye de Jumieges," by Rowland Thirlmer;

"The Radicalism of Jean Paul Marat," by Louis R. Gottschalk;

"The Purple West," by James Westfall Thompson;

"Zionism and the Jewish Problem," by John Punnett Peters;

"The Southern Attitude toward Slavery," by John Douglass Van Horne;

"Unreality in Russian Literature," by Clarence Augustus Manning;

"A Norman Origin for Shakespeare," by Joseph Q. Adams (later part of his *Life of Shakespeare*);

"The Charm of Greek Travel," by Walter Woodburn Hyde. In Volume XXX (1922):

"Erasmus: A Humanist among Reformers," by Frank M. Gibson;

"The Development of Wilfrid Wilson Gibson's Poetic Art," by Geraldine P. Dilla;

"What Is Truth?" by Paull Franklin Baum;

"Joseph Conrad and His Art," by George Herbert Clarke;

"Dostoyevsky and Modern Russian Literature," by Clarence Augustus Manning;

In addition to these I think that the three papers by Sedley Lynch Ware, entitled respectively "France before the War," "Some Effects of the Great War upon France," and "France in Reconstruction" were bound together as a single pamphlet. In Volume XXXI (1923):

"The Humanist as Man of Letters: John Lyly," by Samuel Lee Wolff;

"Anton Lunacharsky, Commissar of Education," by Thomas H. Dickinson;

"Various Mr. Masfield," by George Herbert Clarke;

"The Religious Element in Polish National Life," by Roman Dyboski;

"Ruskin's Thoughts on Poetry," by Olma C. Levi;

"The Fall of Maecenas," by Edward R. Garnsey;

"The Escape of Marie de Medicis, 1619," by Leo Mouton;

"John Masfield and Jezebel," by George Herbert Clarke;

"The Institute for Research in Land Economics and Public Utilitities," by Richard T. Ely and Mary L. Shine.

In Volume XXXIII (1925):

"Balzac and the Fantastic," by Maxmillan Rudwin;

"Landscape in Another World (a poem)," by Rowland Thirlmere;

"Dostoyevsky and Scythism," by Clarence Augustus Manning;

"Some Unpublished Letters to Eugène Scribe," by Neil C. Arvin;

"Amy Lowell's Life of John Keats," by George Herbert Clarke;

"The English Sentimental Drama from Steele to Cumberland," by Stanley T. Williams;

"The Poetry of Bliss Carman," by R. H. Hathaway.

Please understand that I cannot vouch for the accuracy of



the foregoing list, but to the best of my recollection these did appear in pamphlet form and, no doubt, many of them have also appeared as parts of books."

The authors of several of these articles published about this time volumes on the subjects, revealing a more extensive investigation than is necessarily implied by the publication of a short study. The books, besides the two noted in the letter, are *Studies in Victorian Literature*, by Stanley T. Williams;<sup>10</sup> *Reference Studies in Mediaeval History*, by James Westfall Thompson;<sup>11</sup> *Greek Religion and Its Survivals*, by Walter Woodburn Hyde;<sup>12</sup> *Modern Polish Literature and Periods of Polish Literary History*, by Roman Dyboski;<sup>13</sup> and *Land Economics*, by Richard T. Ely, Mary L. Shine, and G. S. Wehrwein,<sup>14</sup> and *Elements of Land Economics*, by Richard T. Ely and Edward W. Morehouse;<sup>15</sup> and *Eugène Scribe and the French Theatre*, by Neil C. Arvin.<sup>16</sup>

After Mr. Clarke became editor there was an increase in the number of contributions from English writers. In the letter quoted from above, he explains the fact:

The *Sewanee Review*, although it has never had a large circulation, is favorably known in the English Academic and Literary World. It was largely through my own personal touch with English writers (I am myself of English birth and was educated in Canada) that I was able to interest so many English writers in the *Review*.

As is explained above the *Sewanee Review* was incorporated during Mr. McBryde's editorship. Mr. Clarke made an effort to strengthen further the financial condition by securing a permanent endowment. In his letter he tells of the nucleus of an endowment:

There have been occasional small gifts of money to the *Sewanee Review*. During my own editorship I was able to interest Mrs. Willard T. Straight, of New York, in the *Re-*

<sup>10</sup>From a letter written at Queen's University, Kingston, Canada, March 3, 1930.

<sup>11</sup>Dutton, 1923. This contains "Newman's Literary Preferences."

<sup>12</sup>University of Chicago Press, 1923-24.

<sup>13</sup>Boston: Marshall Jones Company, 1923.

<sup>14</sup>Oxford Press, the former in 1924 and the latter in 1925.

<sup>15</sup>Edwards Brothers, 1922.

<sup>16</sup>Macmillan, 1924.

<sup>17</sup>Harvard University Press, 1924.

view. She very kindly made the *Review* a gift of \$2,500.00, a portion of which was set aside as the nucleus of an endowment fund, the remainder being expended in promoting circulation and in paying professional writers for manuscripts which we would not perhaps have been able to secure otherwise.

In 1924 copies of a letter telling of the need of an endowment were sent to a selected group. The pertinent parts of this letter, furnished by Mr. Clarke, are given below:

Because of your warm interest in the welfare of Sewanee, I venture to lay before you the urgent need of the *Sewanee Review* for a permanent endowment fund of fifty thousand dollars (\$50,000) to safeguard its material future and to assure its steady expansion as a humanistic quarterly of liberal ideals, intellectual honesty and courage, and spiritual "sweetness and light." Believing that culture is in its essence educated sympathy and educated power, we all earnestly desire to see the influence of the *Review* (which for thirty-two years has borne witness to the service-value of culture) widely extended.

We have on file letters strongly endorsing the *Review* from such men and women as Theodore Roosevelt, Maurice Hewlett, Sir Gilbert Murray, Brander Matthews, Gamaliel Bradford, Edwin A. Alderman, Grace King, James Hardy Dillard, Robert M. Ogden, and many others.

Dr. Lawrence F. Abbott, Contributing Editor of the *Outlook*, lately visited Sewanee in the interest of his forthcoming edition of the *Letters* of Major Archibald Butt, who as you know, was educated here. Dr. Abbott writes as follows: "It seems to me that you are making a remarkable periodical out of the *Review*. I found more in it to interest me than I have in the current issue of the *Atlantic*. Can an editor say more? . . . The *Review* seems to me like 'a little candle burning in a naughty world,' or whatever the quotation is. Don't let anybody blow it out!"

We shall do our best to take this advice, but we realize that the best way to maintain its life and light is so to multiply its candle-power that it will be able to withstand strong puffs of adversity. At present, it does hardly more than pay expenses. With the endorsement indicated it could immediately begin to do the following things:—

1. Solicit and secure the best cultural contributions at home and abroad, and compensate its contributors.
2. Recompose its editor and business manager.
3. Maintain a small clerical force constantly at work to promote circulation.

4. Advertise judiciously in appropriate mediums.
5. Employ the profits of increased circulation for the betterment of the *Review* itself.

Without such an endowment the *Review* must continue to struggle for many years to realize these plans.

. . . You are, I think aware that the policy and management of the *Review* are in no sense controlled by either the University or the Church, but that it is incorporated (not for profit) by a group of professors and officers of the University. It is not even, in any parochial sense, a Southern periodical. It is trying to be a quarterly, produced indeed in the South, that will deserve comparison with periodicals of similar character published anywhere in the English speaking world.

In the last issue of 1925, Mr. Clarke announced that he had withdrawn from the University to become Professor of English in Queen's University, Kingston, Canada. He thanked his colleagues and the contributors and expressed the hope that the *Review* would "grow from more to more."<sup>1</sup>

The first volume of the *Sewanee Review* issued after Mr. Clarke's departure carries the names of two editors, Tudor Seymour Long and William Skinkle Knickerbocker. Mr. Long, a Cornell graduate and an associate professor of English at the University of the South, contributed no articles and no signed reviews, if any at all. His name appeared for only the one year. Mr. Knickerbocker has been editor since January, 1926.

Besides reviews and editorials, Mr. Knickerbocker has contributed five leading articles: "Matthew Arnold's Theory of Poetry,"<sup>2</sup> "Shelley's Oxford,"<sup>3</sup> "John Erskine: Enough of His Mind to Explain His Art,"<sup>4</sup> "Matthew Arnold at Oxford,"<sup>5</sup> and "The Fugitives of Nashville."<sup>6</sup> Besides being editor of the *Sewanee Review* and professor of English at the University of the South, Mr. Knickerbocker is contributing editor of *Creative Reading*, contributor to that periodical and to the *Chattanooga* (Tenn.)

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<sup>1</sup>"Pamphlet, reprinted from the *Outlook* for April 30, 1924, pp. 7 and 8.

<sup>2</sup>"Editorial Notice," XXXIII, 512.

<sup>3</sup>XXXIII (1925), 440-450.

<sup>4</sup>XXXIV (1926), 466-475.

<sup>5</sup>XXXV (1927), 154-174.

<sup>6</sup>XXXV, 399-418.

*News*, the Nashville *Tennessean*, the Memphis *Commercial Appeal*, and the Knoxville *Sentinel*; editor of Arnold's *Culture and Anarchy* and of *Classics of Modern Science*, and author of *Creative Oxford*.<sup>21</sup>

Among the interesting minor changes made in the *Review* are the use of more advertisements of the journal, the use of provocative title with groups of short reviews, and the inclusion of comments about the contributors under the title "Concerning the Contributors." The advertisements are appropriately dignified and informational, using such appeals as Gamaliel Bradford's recommendation and such facts as the names of many of the college and university libraries into which the *Review* goes and the names of the reference books which index the articles.<sup>22</sup> The 1930 issues have slightly changed title pages.<sup>23</sup> The subtitle now used is "A Quarterly of Life and Letters."

Far more significant than these is the establishment of a regular editorial department, "Asides and Soliloquies," July, 1929. In this section the editor has commented on *American Literature*, a new journal published at Duke University; *Creative Reading*;<sup>24</sup> the Southern Book Exposition,<sup>25</sup> and other topics of a similar nature vital in the cultural life of America today. He recommended in July, 1929, that contributors to the *Sewanee Review* send their "analytical and specialized studies in American literature to the new periodical, *American Literature*."<sup>26</sup>

In "Asides and Soliloquies," Mr. Knickerbocker answered this comment by Nelson Antrim Crawford in "American University Presses":

In the early years of modern university presses, emphasis was laid on journals. Gradually, toward the beginning of the Twentieth Century, scholarly books, chiefly by professors, began to be published. In this field, the University of Chicago and the University of the South were pioneers. The

<sup>21</sup>XXXVI (1928), 211-244.

<sup>22</sup>XXXVI, April, 1928, and later issues. The *Review* was for a time indexed in Poole's *Index* and later in the *Supplement to the Reader's Guide*, now entitled the *International Index*.

<sup>23</sup>For example, XXXVIII, 50: by Josephine Pinckney, CHARLESTON'S POETRY SOCIETY.

<sup>24</sup>XXXVII, 257.

<sup>25</sup>XXXVII, 385.

<sup>26</sup>XXXVII, 258.



latter took a further step forward toward general publishing with the publication of a series of theological works inspired the late Dr. DuBose, the well-known Anglican theologian. These works were sold to the clergy and to the more thoughtful of the laity. Also, the press began in 1892 the publication of the *Sewanee Review*, a quarterly intended to represent the literati of the South. It never attained to much circulation, but it helped to illuminate the darkness of the Total Immersion Belt.<sup>22</sup>

by the following statement

... It [the *Sewanee Review*] has struggled against great odds to maintain a high literary tradition which an increasing number of cultivated readers have, within the last few years recognized. The subscription list, Mr. Crawford, is increasing.<sup>23</sup>

Apparently Mr. Knickerbocker is interested particularly in having the *Sewanee Review* advance the study of Victorian literature and of the significant literary movements and schools of the day. The two contemporary tendencies which are receiving most attention are the humanist movement and the re-interpretation of the South's role in American culture. His own contributions—articles and book reviews—would indicate that. Moreover, in "Asides and Soliloquies", he makes the statement that America has need of a journal of the type of *American Literature* devoted to the study of Victorian literature,<sup>24</sup> and in one issue, July, 1928, five of the eight studies are on Victorian subjects. Conspicuous among the articles on humanism and Southern culture are the following:

A Word for Tennesseans, by Lillian Perrine Davies, XXXIV, 294-308.

Poetry and the Absolute, by Allen Tate, XXXV, 41-52.

Stuart P. Sherman: The Illinois Arnold, by George E. De Mille, XXXV, 78-93.

John Erskine: Enough of His Mind to Explain His Art, by William Skinkle Knickerbocker, XXXV, 154-174.

The South That Never Was, by Cary F. Jacobs, XXXV, 143-151.

The South Speaks Out, by Annie C. M. Frazier, XXXV, 313-324.

<sup>22</sup>*American Mercury*, October, 1929, p. 211.  
with

<sup>23</sup>XXXVIII (1930), 1.

<sup>24</sup>XXXVIII, 258.

The Decay of the Provinces, by J. B. Hubbell, XXXV, 473-487.

The Ironic Gesture, by L. P. Davis, XXXVI, 9-20.

1910—A Retrospective Glance, by K. A. Graham, XXXVI, 268-272.

The South—Old or New, John Crowe Ransom, XXXVI, 139-147.

The Fugitives of Nashville, XXXVI, 211-244.

Narcissus in Dixie: A Young Southerner Shakes His Head, by Wiliam C. Frierson, XXXVII, 38-50.

Is Poetry a Live Issue in the South?, by Virginia McCormick, XXXVII, 399-406.

Three times the *Review* has published *brief* historical sketches. Mr. Henneman contributed "Ten Years of the Sewanee Review"; Mr. McBryde later wrote "Twenty-Five Years of the Sewanee Review", and in January, 1930, at the end of thirty-seven years, Mr. Knickerbocker recognized gratefully the work of the former editors and of the printer.

Particularly tender is his appreciation for the gallant, courageous founder, now frail in body and out of the glorious fight in which he achieved as few have—"this beloved Dean of American Letters." Mr. Henneman is praised for maintaining the high standard set by the first editor, for securing articles from such outstanding critics as Paul Elmer More, and for contributing distinguished studies on Shakespearean subjects. To Mr. McBryde belongs the credit for saving the *Review* during the financial strain of the Great War period. Largely through his efforts the journal was incorporated, the quality sustained, and the circulation increased. Mr. Clarke is particularly well informed concerning "the significant movements and individuals of our contemporary literature." From competent scholars he secured studies and essays on these topics, thus giving to the *Review* an added appeal. Of his own contribution to the progress of the journal, Mr. Knickerbocker says nothing. The other person whose work is noted individually is Albert Chalmers Sneed, long the Director of the Press at the University of the South, "a fastidious, exacting, patient printer whose handicraft made him known here and abroad." He died in June, 1929."

When the *Sewanee Review* was founded in 1892, it was devoted

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"Asides and Soliloquies," XXXVIII, 1-3.

to the treatment of historical, theological, philosophical and literary subjects in a style more full and scholarly than that of the popular publications and less technical than that of the special journals. In general, the original plan has been carried out, but there has been from time to time considerable shifting of emphasis in subject matter, and a great deal of material which does not fall strictly under the four topics given, has been included; for example, discussions of educational and contemporary political problems, personal essays, and poems. All in all, the *Sewanee Review* has made and is making a definite continuous contribution to cultural life in America.

A forceful expression of its importance as a reflector of the intellectual movements in America appeared in the *Revue belge de Philologie* for April, 1930:

*La SEWANEE REVIEW fondée en 1892 ne peut rester ignorée de ceux qui s'intéressent au mouvement des idées en Amérique. La lecture de ce périodique trimestriel fera revenir plus d'un sur son opinion d'une Amérique exclusivement commerciale et philistine. C'est un spectacle reconfortant de voir un groupe d'américains sincères et cultivés lutter pour créer une tradition qui puise sa force dans l'épaulement des plus hautes facultés de l'individu. Le combat est rude,..... mais il semble mené avec indépendance, enthousiasme et foi. La tâche de la revue est constructive et destructive, et alors son attitude est large et impersonnelle. ....*

*"Ce qui semble préoccuper surtout les collaborateurs de la SEWANEE REVIEW c'est la question du développement intégral de toutes les richesses potentielles de l'individu. Au nom de ce grand et noble principe ils s'en prennent à tout ce qui est étroit, mesquin, limité et à tout ce qui entrave le libre jeu de l'esprit."*

<sup>10</sup>F. Delatte. Quoted in the *Sewanee Review*, July-September, 1930.

Deviations During the Editorships  
1892-1930

	Trent 7½ yrs.		Henne- man 8½ yrs.		Fac- ulty 1 yr.		Mc- Bryde 10 yrs.		Clarke 6 yrs.		Knicker- bocker 4 yrs.		Total 37 yrs.	
	No.	Aver. per yr.	No.	Aver. per yr.	No.	No.	Aver. per yr.	No.	Aver. per yr.	No.	Aver. per yr.	No.	Aver. per yr.	
English Literature	41	5.29	74	8.97	9	80	8	72	12	45	11.25	321	8.68	
Continental Literature	44	5.68	32	3.88	3	38	3.8	36	6	20	5	173	4.68	
American Literature	27	3.48	33	4	0	52	5.2	15	2.5	37	9.25	164	4.43	
History	27	3.48	38	4.75	3	37	3.7	22	3.67	3	.75	130	3.51	
Contemporary Questions	29	3.74	20	2.42	3	30	3	10	1.67	6	1.5	98	2.65	
Biography	18	2.19	31	3.76	2	25	2.5	13	2.17	3	.75	92	2.49	
Literature and Literary Criticism	8	1.03	10	1.21	1	40	4	11	1.83	16	4	86	2.32	
Education	16	2.06	23	2.78	3	24	2.4	12	2	6	1.5	84	2.27	
Philosophy, Theology, Bible	16	2.06	23	2.78	5	15	1.5	8	1.33	3	.75	70	1.89	
Classical Literature	18	2.32	9	1.09	0	8	.8	17	2.83	5	1.25	57	1.54	
Miscellaneous Essays	4	.52	1	.13	0	27	2.7	8	1.33	11	2.75	51	1.38	
Fine Arts	7	.9	7	.85	1	9	.9	4	.67	2	.5	30	.81	
Totals	255		301		30	385		228		157		1356		



Distribution of Leading Articles  
1892-1930

	Av.No. per yr.	Trent	Hen- neman	Facul- ty	Mc- Bryde	Clarke	Knicker bocker
English Literature	8.68	-3.39	+ .29	+ .32	- .68	+3.32	+2.57
Continental Literature	4.68	+ 1	- .8	-1.68	- .88	+1.32	+ .32
American Literature	4.43	- .95	- .43	-4.43	+ .77	-1.93	+4.82
History	3.51	- .03	+1.24	- .51	+ .19	+ .16	-2.76
Contemporary Questions	2.65	+1.09	- .23	+ .35	+ .35	- .98	-1.15
Biography	2.49	- .8	+1.27	- .49	+ .01	- .82	-1.74
Literature and Literary Criticism	2.32	-1.29	-1.11	-1.32	+1.68	- .49	+1.68
Education	2.27	- .21	+ .51	+ .73	+ .13	- .27	- .77
Philosophy, Theology, Bible	1.89	+ .17	+ .89	+3.11	- .39	- .56	-1.14
Classical Literature	1.54	+ .78	- .45	-1.54	- .74	+1.29	- .29
Miscellaneous Essays	1.38	- .86	-1.25	-1.38	+1.32	- .05	+1.37
Fine Arts	.81	+ .09	+ .04	+ .19	+ .09	- .14	- .31

by Edwin Berry Burgum

## WALTER PATER AND THE GOOD LIFE

LIKE others among the great Victorians, Walter Pater is still approached through the ways of Victorian opinion. He came late, after Rossetti and the Pre-Raphaelites had established in the English temperament a cleavage which the Romanticists had introduced and the Decadents were still later to sharpen. Opinion about him, therefore, was from two sides, and he continues to be regarded as an esthete either for discipleship or dismissal. Valued at best as a mere eclectic in his philosophy, he is a perennial justification for the dilettante. But even to many of his contemporaries his interests appeared trifling when not immoral, he was really engaged with moral problems in the religious spirit they ordinarily admired. He was, like Arnold, in search of the good life, only not so sure that he had found it.

Different as they were in temperament, Pater was curiously attracted by Arnold's ideas. He was, in fact, a disciple who accepted so sympathetically his various accounts of the Greek point of view as to neglect, save in rare moments, the substratum of Hebraism that in Arnold underlay and opposed them. The preface to his first volume, *The Renaissance*, was an exuberant distortion of Arnold's principle which recommended submission to the best that has been thought and said in the world. By extending it to include the other arts besides literature, Pater narrowed it until self-culture was almost transformed into self-indulgence. The famous doctrine of appreciation, the admonition to burn with a gem-like flame, thus departed somewhat from Arnold's recommendation of sweetness and light. It pushed to a fastidious extreme Arnold's scrupulous withdrawal from the bathos of contemporary life. But in both men this renunciation of whatever they conceived to be base or merely commonplace sprang from an impulse as deeply religious as it was esthetic. The pursuit of the comely and well-ordered life demanded the spirit of religious ritual to fill every act with its proper dignity and significance. And just as for these men religion overleaped the boundaries of the special observance and the special institution to coincide with the boundaries of life itself; so likewise, when they turned to art,

they accepted without question the dictum of Sainte-Beuve, finding in the work of art only the clearest mirror of the personality and belief of its author and its age. By ignoring the special provinces and special natures of religion and of art, they were both following the simple logic of the times to the revelation that if art and religion coincide with life, they coincide with each other.

These correspondences between Pater and Arnold are more illuminating for the nature of the age than that of their own work, though for this latter illumination one need only bring forth another instance of contemporary neglect. For if the Victorians, with the exception of a few Pre-Raphaelites, were almost without suspicion of the difficulty and the importance of what has become the chief problem of modern esthetics (the relation between belief and art) with the exception of Newman they were equally without interest in what has become one of the chief concerns of modern psychology, the relation between our emotions and our conscious reasoning. And so Arnold, though he made the pursuit of the good life an instinct, forthwith proceeded to say that the conscience was guided by the immediate and specific power of a certain order of ideas, not precisely innate, but axiomatic, the common heritage of the experience of mankind. Pater, on the contrary, rested in the intuitions with which he began, and made the good life primarily a harmony among our sensations. This is, doubtless, what in actual experience it always has been. But Pater failed to relate to this harmony the ideas and beliefs which men without question habitually possess, and thus fell into the opposite danger to Arnold, who related them only too glibly. Unable to free himself from the welter of sensations which had overcome him, he could do little more than describe them. The fallacies of the two men were complementary but equally dangerous. One is likely to be charmed by Arnold's power of generalization into ignoring the unwarranted applications which it has insinuated. But the affection with which Pater lingered over detail often conceals his failure to find any dominant harmony, any definite arrangement of parts into a whole. He had been too easily decoyed from the center into the vaguely differentiated periphery where one experience flows into another.

Yet both were striving to find the pattern of Victorian culture. And if Pater failed only less conspicuously than Arnold thought he had succeeded, it was merely that, no significant design existing save this very addiction to the centrifugal, Pater was the more

representative of the spirit of his age. Because he did not choose to write about his contemporaries, one must not underestimate Pater's knowledge of his own time. It may have been less extensive than Arnold's as a matter of intellectual recognition, but as a matter of feeling the influences about him present in his own emotions, it was more comprehensive. One important and growing interest, that in science, it is true, he recognized less vividly than Arnold. He was neither troubled nor encouraged by its possible effect upon religion or education, since he accepted it as an irrelevancy of little moment, easy to be absorbed. This blindness which he justified by discovering that the Greeks got along without science, was his most serious lack of sensitivity. It now gives him a merely historical significance, while Arnold, who recognized and deplored the tendency of science, continues a living but vicious influence upon our thought. But to all else in the Victorian scene Pater was so sensitive that, finding it, like the other great critics around him, chiefly bad (as indeed it must have appeared if science be disapproved), he fled in more directions than any of them. He found relief not alone in the past culture of the Renaissance, the Middle Ages, Greece and Rome, but in what was for his own generation spectacularly unusual, in the contemporary literature of the continent. But everywhere, whether on the continent or in the past, he journeyed with the same intention. Despite the prescription of his early preface, he could never enjoy a novel sensation for its own sake. He must ever be discovering in it some quality essential to the good life, which, still surviving in England if only as a spark, might be fanned by 'appreciation' into the flame that both builds and destroys. In the neglect of science, the quest, it must now seem, was in vain. And Pater's career, therefore, was the record, under the disguise of a style now almost hectic with anticipation, now monotonously pompous under sheer will to have attained, of reiterated failure.

Pater's sensitivity to impressions, of course, kept him from exclusive occupation with the problem of the good life. But the problem remained an obsession which prevented a more than temporary interest elsewhere. If he was an esthete, it was in the theory of life rather than theory of art, for the dominant concern left only incidental and haphazard attention for the latter. Despite his adoration of the beautiful, he was no more involved with esthetic theory than Matthew Arnold and to no better result.



Our present absorption in esthetics induces no little chagrin that Pater, elaborately conscientious as he was about his manner of expression, did not take pains when he touched upon the subject to clear up obvious inconsistencies of statement or elucidate remarks that seem novel and true. As it is, one can never be sure how, if he had cared, he would have tied up the loose ends. In *The School of Giorgione*, for instance, he said that, though the province of each art is determined by the nature of its material, "all art constantly aspires toward the condition of music". Music is the greatest of the arts since it is the one in which form is least distinguishable from matter. He cut ruthlessly through the uncertainties in the Victorian theory of 'art for art's sake', and emerged with the most radical of modern theories, that of 'significant form'. But he can scarcely be called a pioneer, since eleven years later under the guise of a new radicalism, Flaubert's emphasis upon 'the right word', he returned to the opposite extreme of 'art for life's sake' to which the Victorians generally adhered. In the essay on *Style* he called literature the greatest of the arts since, by its very capacity to reproduce the detail of life, that is, by its innate formlessness, it sacrificed the least possible of moral influence. The only form, if it could be called that, requisite to literature was an accurate correspondence between the word used and the idea to be expressed. Literature was good, then, when it was a sharply cut slice of life. But it became great only when a particular slice had been chosen, when the matter expressed was conducive to the greatest happiness of the greatest number. By making good writing depend solely upon the choice of synonyms, the essay justified abandonment of the esthetic inquiry altogether. But the drift of Pater's mind towards 'humanism' had already been shown by the conclusion to the earlier essay. For scarcely had he ended the statement, which seems prophetic of sound modern theory, that, though each art has its own criteria, the common ones are to be found in music, than he discussed the paintings of Giorgione in the terms of neither music nor painting, but like the famous description of Mona Lisa, in those of narrative, of literature. The contradiction between theory and practice is so glaring that the previous generalizations appear not so much the intuitions of a deeply brooding mind as the parroted responses of a nibbler at the most diverse of convenient fodder. No principles of esthetic judgment emerged from Pater's various excursions among

masterpieces. His method was one of 'appreciation' even within the field of esthetic theory until the hostile image of the good life sent all his opinions flying in confusion.

The same tendency is observable in Pater's literary criticisms, only here there was never an attempt at differentiation. The pretense of 'appreciation', in response to Arnold's demand to see the object as it really is, was forthwith demoralized by the unconscious intrusion of the good life, so that Pater always saw the object as he wished to see it. Even if the limitation be accepted that it is permissible to write of a picture as though it were a poem, appealed to the same emotions, and was similarly rich in ideas and psychological or narrative detail; within this limit his criticism is generally a perversion. Perhaps he was not wrong in finding 'a vague and wistful speculation' in the statues of Michaelangelo. But who else could have perceived a common spirit in Greek tragedy and the pastorals of Theocritus? Or have evoked the curious conclusion that there are parts of *Love's Labour's Lost* as good as anything in Chatterton? Or in the same breath have considered Botticelli the best possible illustrator of Dante and a better representative of the Greek spirit than the Greeks themselves? There were times when Pater believed that Apuleius also, and du Bellay and the author of *Aucassin and Nicolette* were more typically Greek than Plato and Pericles. But the ultimate absurdity was chronologically one of the earliest. Pater stretched his imagination until Wordsworth became a Greek also, even though to do so he must make the Hebrews Greeks as well. He agreed with the common opinion that Wordsworth's religion was biblical, and proceeded to define it in the following misleading cadencies:

Consisting, as it did so much, in the recognition of local sanctities, in the habit of connecting the stones and trees of a particular spot with the great events of life, till the low wells, the green mounds, the half-obliterated epitaphs seemed full of voices, and a sort of natural oracles, the very religion of these people of the dales appeared but as another link between them and the earth, and was literally a religion of nature. It tranquilized them by bringing them under the placid rule of traditional and narrowly localized observances.

Pater has rightly implied that Wordsworth's religion was not monotheistic in the sense usually ascribed to the Hebrew. But he

was certainly incorrect in making it appear on the contrary polytheistic. He has beautifully described the polytheism of Greek mythology. But Wordsworth's religion, following the tendency of Protestantism, was Stoic and pantheistic instead.

Pater was in fact caught in the dilemma involved in his very concept of 'appreciation'. The word took the place for him of the traditional term 'criticism', the meaning of which suggests that the plane occupied by the critic is at least as distinct from that of the work of art as this latter is from life itself. The old term implies that the criticism is differently organized from the work of art. It is its submission to a complex sort of judgment. If the critic is defined as a man unusually competent to analyze his own intuitions, he must realize that even when they are most subtle and catholic, they are circumscribed by the nature of their own latent pattern. The definiteness of this pattern, however generous, must condition the reception of the pattern of the work of art which, though always much more definite, must usually be of a more or less different nature. In good criticism therefore, there is usually the grain of honest dissent, which arises from the fact that different cultures, like different individuals, do not possess the same combination of elements, and are therefore alike only in those general undifferentiated qualities in which human nature remains always the same. Good criticism and good art, like history, never repeat themselves.

What once has been formed, it is true, continues to a great extent to exercise a power of transference, of being understood, in proportion to the integrity of its form. Thus only can be explained the perennial interest of mankind in the art of the past. But there is a limit to our capacity to appreciate integrity and this limit is determined precisely by the degree and nature of our own. So well integrated was the culture of the Greeks that they had scarcely any historical sense, scarcely any appreciation of contemporary Latin, Egyptian, and Persian cultures. They carried their own definitely formed taste wherever they went. But their intuition of their own art was so complete that, the only true Croceans of western history, they found written criticism superfluous until their decline. Our modern cultures of the classical and romantic periods, though they have been less independent, have been able, either through their art or their criticism, to understand another culture only in proportion to its similarity to their own. Where the interest is solely intellectual and not concerned with the or-

ganization of emotions into a work or art, there may be a capacity to reproduce what is merely intellectual in a diverse culture. But even here the intellectual interest is ordinarily lacking or absurdly barren when it is not motivated by a deeper sense of emotional compatibility. Standards of right and wrong are more difficult to determine in esthetics than in morals. But the norm of both is not eternal truth but the definite pattern of a civilization. Regard for tradition is always for a particular tradition, and the judgment of posterity is a term that, if it comes into attention at all, must seem ridiculous to an age in proportion as it feels the confidence of its own close organization. A true culture, though it generally does find somewhere in the past the stimulus of an ideal, like youth, lives in the present of its own vitality, expectant merely of its own more perfect accomplishment.

These are not, however, the reasons for the insufficiency of Pater's criticism. His failure cannot be justified by such a telescopic survey. It was more elementary. For the good critic can get somewhat of the integrity indubitably present in a great work of art. Since its organization is closer than that of any individual or any civilization, it has its own power of temporary conversion, though it may be distasteful, against the pull of his spirit, just as, if he like it, there will be reservations. But his appreciation, which proceeds from the emotional nexus that has been tightly drawn by the nature of his period and his training, is conditioned by his principles, which are only a rationalization and hence a refinement of this nexus itself. His application, therefore, is literally conditioned by his reservations, without which he can say nothing that does not appear shallow and eccentric, lacking significance both for his subject and his contemporaries. Wholesale approval is wholesale misunderstanding. It is to see the object from one side only, and thus to deprive it of the power to stand and function. Now this is what Pater was guilty of. And so, of that art alone where what he wished to find happened to be present did he produce a valuable criticism. By no other explanation can be reconciled his superb passages on the early Greek culture and the stoicism of Marcus Aurelius with his astonishing misconceptions of Wordsworth and Michaelangelo.

But the case with Pater is even more complex, for he was never certain what he wished to find. He alternated between two ideals of the good life according to the state of his emotions. What con-



flicts in his inner life should have caused this hesitation between two points of view must remain, if biographical evidence exists, for a psychology more competent than ours to decide. His basic impulse was probably as sensual and inverted as that of his disciple Oscar Wilde. The beautiful which captivated him was an erotic experience whether its source was in men or in art. Out of this, which was the more fundamental impulse, arose his love of the Greeks whose temperament he found earthly, esthetic, and spontaneous because disciplined by experience alone. But there was another impulse, less basic, and consequently more under the direction of the will, which may be called a religious one. This second impulse was manifest in his advocacy of ascêsis and related to his belief in the *Zeitgeist*. It taught him that discretion was more necessary than ever for survival in Victorian days. It dictated his disgruntled break with Wilde whom he saw wit blinding to the truism. It showed its power in his continued interest in Christianity, the mere fact of which was enough to stimulate his contemporaries into declaring his conversion in later years though they were only proving thereby the dominance of Christianity in themselves. For, if the Christian influence tended to infuse a religious flavor into his conception of Greek life, the naturalistic more subtly caused a definition of Christianity as nearly as possible in Greek terms. Pater was convinced only that the Christian ideal of the good life was less esthetic, less comprehensive, and pitched in a graver key. But he could never decide whether ascêsis was as among the Greeks the merely natural discipline of circumstances or in the Christian sense a conscious suppression of certain instincts under the stimulus of an unnatural tradition.

Doubtless he would have given way more frankly to the pagan impulse if he had not been taught by Arnold the necessity of placing himself in relation to his own age. And so, though like the other great critics of his time, he found the present in grave particulars unappetizing, he did not turn in fury or disdain to attack it, but chose the more circumspect disapproval of appreciating something else. If he sought apparently to live in half a dozen ages other than his own through sympathetic portrayal of their cultures, it was not solely an escape from the deplorable present into the choice sensations of other days, though that was something gained. By revealing in all its richness of past expression what was now so puny a thread in the stream, he was not so much

living in the past himself as hastening the clock for his generation by the most seductive proselytizing. Such was the latent theory into which the present obtruded so that not all the richness could be recovered. For the time being he dared recommend only the burning with a gem-like flame. But how great a sacrifice of intensity to achieve even this demanded, how much a life not merely in the past but in the imagination alone, he was too absorbed in his task to realize. He never discovered that in the attempt he had ceased to be a critic and was turning up everywhere simply the materials of his own Utopia. Both past and present, both life and art, lost their distinctness and were transmuted into a new work of art, Pater's ideal of the good life.

More accurately, it must be said, the transmutation was into new works of art, which recorded the ill success of Pater's attempt to merge and harmonize his two contradictory preferences for spontaneity and control. Otherwise, one has transgressed to the opposite extreme from Mr. Wright, who, finding nothing but chaos in Pater, is led in chagrin to call him the grasshopper in criticism. If a zoölogical metaphor is desirable he may be called a rare chameleon whose alternating hues when laid against a sympathetic masterpiece produced a correspondence as much by transforming the iridescence of the masterpiece as its own. The discovery of any other consistency in Pater, or of any 'development' towards it, is impossible. It is true that no succeeding volume was as recklessly 'Greek' as *The Renaissance*, and that a measure of gravity entered his writing as he grew older. But he had been as a boy absorbed in Christian ritual, and his latest writing were studies in Greek art. Between the two impulses there was only continual alternation, concealed by intense absorption in the task at hand.

In general, however, the Greek point of view dominated. If Wordsworth was a Greek, therefore, it was that only thus, since he was by acknowledgment the greatest influence in Victorian literature, could the *Zeitgeist* be thrown into harmony with Pater's inclination. But though much that Pater meant by the Greek may be found in the essay on Wordsworth, he put his viewpoint more directly when writing upon Coleridge, whom he found as vicious an influence upon the Victorian spirit as Wordsworth was central and wholesome. The weakness of his own age he found where most of us now find it, in its avoidance of candid self-examination through the specious comfort of ambiguity. This he

called in Coleridge the Asiatic temper, the obsession with the absolute. Coleridge, hunting for the eternally true, found only the vague and useless. His attitude was neither moral nor scientific. The new spirit, which Pater called the relative and to which he sought to adhere, was both. "The faculty for truth is recognized as a power of distinguishing and fixing delicate and fugitive detail." The Victorian dilemma vanished if one simply denied the possibility that the human mind could reach absolute knowledge and realized, as the Greeks had done so clearly, that it rested easily and profitably in the specific. The true as well as the beautiful was the formalization of the indubitable facts of sensation and experience. "By us of the present moment—the Greek spirit, with its engaging naturalness, simple, chastened, debonair,—is itself the Sangrail of an endless pilgrimage." Pater had taken certain passages of *Culture and Anarchy* more seriously than its author.

He had understood them better also than some of Arnold's commentators. The conception of the place of poetry in modern life, that it will perform the functions for which the dogmatic nature of both science and religion now disqualify them, this conception which I. A. Richards in his *Science and Poetry* in inference ascribes to Arnold, is really the point of view of Pater. Only, believing that modern life was more complex and 'psychological', he felt that the essence of poetry which was not its form would be better fulfilled in the more adequate detail of poetic prose. For, absorbed as he always was by religion, Pater never meant by resting in the specific a vassalage to the material. He meant rather that we can recognize the general only through its embodiment in particulars. Any other course leads to a perversion of human nature to fit the demands of dogmatic creeds which are more consistent in their logic than correspondent to human nature. Seeing that dogma was disappearing from contemporary Christianity, he eagerly accepted the attitude of Greek religion as justifying the trend of the times. This solution, after remaining implicit in numerous essays, emerged in a volume of *Greek Studies*, in which he analyzed the Greek religion and found it synonymous with Greek mythology.

The Greek religion had its peculiar distinction in this indifference to dogma. Though all religions may be said to have arisen out of the nature of human experience, this one never denied its source. The rest passed logically into two further stages. The

ethical code first arose from the experiences themselves. Then secondly the logical capacity of man cut it off from experience and made it subserve the demands of a consistent theology; so that in the end the motivation of conduct was no longer the desirability of pleasant survival under certain natural conditions of life, but obedience to the dictates of completely transcendent deities. The ten commandments, in origin purely prudential, became the laws of a god who dropt them from the heavens upon Sinai. Now it was precisely this last step that the Greeks had refused to take. Their course had been logically as follows: At first they perceived, like men everywhere, the interference of natural forces in their lives. Winter devoured the abundance of autumn, or storm denied any abundance soever. To a certain extent, though the Greeks remained one of the most extrovert of peoples, they perceived the conflict of motives within and among themselves. They saw in these phenomena the illustration of certain laws of natural and human conduct. But instead of permitting these laws to merge into a code, and then mounting insanely higher, to become the edicts of gods sanctioned by an irrelevant theology, they caused them to return upon themselves, to become embodied once more in the specific, only, as mythology, upon the plane of art. Instead of becoming detachable generalizations, they remained true to the breadth of human experience by becoming in the finest sense of the word, 'fictions'.

Far from demanding any consistency among the many myths, the Greeks left the body of them as inconsistent as human experience itself. If the characters in their myths were not confined to human beings, as in our novels, if many of them were gods and one of them the vaguest of creatures, called Fate, it was that the Greeks recognized in the many bafflements of life forces beyond their comprehension, which they nevertheless insisted upon presenting in their own disguise as men. Instead of prostrating themselves abjectedly before the mystery which surrounded the known, they avoided demoralization by embodying it in the whimsical figure of a centaur or the grave but human countenance of a Zeus. But their gods never stayed for long upon Olympus. They mingled and married with human beings, and thus brought the exceptional in human experience into contact with the ordinary and the normal.



The myth of Demeter and Persephone [which Pater gave as an example] illustrates the power of the Greek religion as a religion of pure ideas—of conceptions, which having no link in historical fact, yet because they arose naturally out of the spirit of man, and embodied, in adequate symbols, his deepest thoughts concerning the conditions of his physical and spiritual life, maintained their hold through many changes and are still not without a solemnizing power even for the modern mind.

These myths, he continued, are the clearest example of the 'poetry' possible to every religion. But they are not allegories in the Christian sense of the term. For though an action in them may represent a general truth, their sum total does not form a consistent code of conduct; and the persons acting do not embody simple ideas but resemble human beings in their complex personalities. Apollo was the sun that both ripens and burns the crops. Dionysus was the deity of that same wine which awakens to a sense of life and drives into a degrading intoxication. And Bacchus was also a god of wine, though his child's personality emphasized the helpfulness and simplicity of men under its spell. The consistency lies in the plausibility of the imagined characters, who like those in fiction, may or may not have really lived. And in a similar way, though with greater license and directness, the Greek myth recognized distinctions of value in human experience.

This, then, says Pater, was what the Greek imagination did for men's sense and experience of natural forces, in Athene, in Zeus, in Poseidon; for men's sense and experience of their own bodily qualities—swiftness, energy, power of concentrating sight and hand and foot on a momentary physical act—in the close hair, the chastened muscle, the perfectly poised attention of the *quoit-player*; for men's sense, again of ethical qualities—restless idealism, inward vision, power of presence through that vision in scenes beyond the experience of ordinary men—in the idealized Alexander.

If these were after all the categories of god and demi-god and man, unlike the Christian Trinity, these did not so much represent the descent of god to man, as another fact of human experience that some men transcend others in moral and physical qualities, that men have by their nature an urge to fulfill themselves in the pursuit of a latent ideal, in the perfection of a civilization.

Art, therefore, if we make allowances for differences in the mediums, may be said to have become identical with religion, and both have tended to become identical with Greek life. When Aristotle insisted that art represent what ought to be, the obligation should be understood not as springing from a divine injunction but merely from the irresistible appetite of Greek culture to fulfil itself. The 'ought' was no distant heavenly goal to be won eventually by the immediate suppression of half men's natural desires. It was latent 'here' in the very elements of Greek character itself. Without a systematic theology or detailed laws of conduct, accepting man in all his natural complexity, the 'ought' pragmatically found its perfection only in specific moments of harmony among his natural desires. The sense of sin became a conviction merely that certain impulses, capable by their nature of a less unified organization, were abusing their station in life and causing a return to that chaos which the Greeks feared above all else, since it annihilated the comprehensively specific form of civilization. But the denial of the significance of certain of men's interests did not deny their natural validity nor prompt the curbing of their moderate and appropriate expression. Morality remained a relative concept that eschewed the sharp and universal prohibition. The conception of duty became the willing assent to that ideal upon which the emotions of the race were spontaneously converging.

Not all Greek art of course was religious. It became religious when it represented what Pater called the spiritual, what was central and most significant in the Greek desire and action. But the religion was altogether esthetic since it everywhere recognized that the essential had no existence apart from its manifestation in a specific material form. And the art and the religion together influenced actual life, since being the mirror of its essential elements, by making them the more evident and the more delightful, it continually drew them out, separating them the more clearly from what was accidental. To a Greek the tragedy of Oedipus served the same end of delight in self-realization as the myth of Proserpine, only Oedipus was not called a god, since dowered with human forces alone he did not represent what, though non-human, the Greek nature could only picture in human terms, a certain order of natural forces. The Greek drama, in fact, was the natural development of their mythology as interest turned more and more towards more purely human relationships. Their statues and their

epics likewise became their substitute for theology. In their recognition that their religion was not a body of revealed truths, for their oracles were notoriously misleading, but only an allegorical presentation of their own acts and sensations on the plane of fiction, though still flavored by the mystery that lies beyond the formed and experienced; in their recognition that truth and safety resided essentially within the spectacle of their own activity, lay their unparalleled capacity for civilization.

Now this conception of Greek life, though I think it basically the true one, demands, since the Greeks were so various a people, to be stated with more caution and less ecstasy than in Pater. Their deities were doubtless at an early date divine and non-human in a more superstitious and less fanciful sense. And when in the age of Pericles the center shifted to the human, Pater's theory scarcely recognizes those vigorous schools of thought which were substituting pure reason for experience as the way to truth. But it was true without question for the average Greek, ever an Epicurean. And it is fundamentally Aristotelean, finding everywhere out of the chaos of the unknown form becoming sensible, experience itself taking on formal dimensions. It has nothing in common, surprisingly, with the Victorian theory of art for art's sake since its insistence upon the relation between art and experience ignores whatever differences there may be between art in life and in the representation of life. Neither is it Platonic since it denies that abstract ideas have an recognizable existence apart from their expression in art and life. Pater, it is true, wrote a sympathetic account of Platonism in which the theory of innate ideas is stated accurately. But the very fact that it opens with an even warmer analysis of Heraclitus, though his positive influence upon Plato is specifically denied, shows that Pater was continually pulling away from his subject into more congenial fields.

This vacillation, the product of his own duality, led him at times to pull away from his definition of the Greek religion, which I have here presented with somewhat sharper edges than Pater gave it. He was continually lured from the admirable spectacle of chaos seeking form into a Victorian delight in the vagueness of chaos itself. The fulfillment of Greek sculpture, for instance, he found in Phidias and Praxiteles. Yet he prefers to sense it, not in the open declaration in these sculptors, but as it is anticipated in the stilted fumbings of Aegina, or when it is scarcely perceptible amid

the exuberance of the Hellenistic. The periphery of experience, which the Greeks in their prime recognized and rejected, Pater recognized and fell a prey to. It would seem at times as though any sensation was legitimate to him for its novelty alone. Led by the suppressive influences of his age into a love for the indirect, into the avoidance of any vigorous experience, he inevitably passed beyond the analysis of delicate sensation into a state of vague sensation, the pleasure of which was its being a mood that baffled definition.

But it was not this habit of vacillation alone which led Pater to doubt the validity of the Greek point of view. His second interest now and then emerged into control. There were times when he felt that the *Zeitgeist* was capable of reducing Christian dogma into a mythology in the Greek fashion, though the scope and nature of saints' legends were not entirely encouraging. But in place of the sunny god humor of Greek legend, other religions seemed to have produced little else than demons or bloodless saints. Perhaps the happy medium of the Greek experience had been favored by an unique environment. Perhaps one could not trust to what was essentially spontaneous and unintellectual. Pater has left a little sketch, called *Apollo in Picardy*, the nearest he ever came to a short story. To a medieval monastery returns each spring a delightful vagabond who wins the monks by his fresh unassuming goodness of disposition. But one day, a monk, attending him on his revels through the woods, sees him in his fresh, unpremeditated way shoot a little animal, and when it comes running towards him permits it to nestle into his hand to die. The monk withdrew in an alarm which Pater shared, and I think this story explains why Pater could not always remain satisfied with the natural morality of the Greeks. It left the humanitarian virtues of pity and sympathy an accident, to which Greeks were so happily circumstanced as not to fall prey. Other cultures seemed to require the correction of merely natural tendencies, always self-centered and indifferent to the happiness of others. One dogma, at least, Pater concluded was commonly necessary: that men should live so as to promote the greatest happiness of the greatest number. Christian theology could be reduced no further than Benthamism. But Pater did not rationalize his emotion in these specific terms. In his own curious way he tried to clarify the solution in an ultimate and stupendous work of appreciation.



Its ponderous style, the very irony of its title, predict a failure. In *Marius the Epicurean* the somber minor chords assail one melody after another without ever succeeding in breaking into the positive exaltation of a major key. At the end the melody falters and collapses without any clear resolution. The satisfactions of the book have lain in its renunciations. But the last renunciation, which does not satisfy, has been the renunciation of its attempt. One rejection indeed Pater had not the courage to make. He does not open the book with a portrayal of the old Greek life to which he was devoted. He presents it only in its grave Roman survival at White Nights; where it is rejected. Then Flavius' seductive hedonism is withdrawn by his premature death; and Marius in the climactic passage is captivated by the personality of Marcus Aurelius. But the great emperor shared the fault which Pater hoped to suppress in himself, an indifference to his possible influence upon the good life in others. And so with Cornelius, the Christian centurion, comes a new and more comprehensive spirit. He enjoys the pagan virtues of virile courage and unaffected buoyancy of temperament. But he adds to these an indifference to the self-indulgence so demoralizing in Flavius and a magnetism, heartening to all who approach him, in conspicuous contrast to the prudent introversion of Aurelius. Here then is Marius' ideal of the good life. Yet after observing the Christian ritual, he comes to believe that this ultimate illustration of it is possible only to him who accepts the Christian dogma likewise. And this he finds himself unable to do. So he dies, as Pater was also to die, submitting to the ministrations of Christians, who misread his sympathy, his very lack of hostility, into a conviction. Christianity, clinging to its Trinity, refused to be reduced to Benthamism. Pater's most virile act was his renunciation of this Victorian excuse of ambiguity. But he could not declare himself directly; and *Marius* ended in the uncertain consolation of irrelevancy.

It was after writing *Marius* that Pater turned to complete the *Greek Studies* of which I have made so much. Here at least remote from present interests was a positive and congenial theme. The age drove Pater into antiquarianism, though his spirit sought to find whatever links he could with the present. So he made the preposterous discovery that the sodomitic Lacadaemonians resembled the Christian Monks in their austerity. He fancied that Oxford prize-men were only Greek athletes in more abundant

raiment. Into his writing returned forthwith a simple, almost vivacious, style which was little more than a formalization of the colloquial approach of the classroom. Here, carried out of himself by his subject, he felt no urge to dwell upon the right word.

In other writings, on the contrary, Pater became an esthete in spite of himself. When the true emotion, the clear idea, the structure implicit in his thought escaped him, he deluded himself by the obsession that the vagueness lay in the expression. This was his sorry compromise with the *Zeitgeist*. The Victorian doctrine of art for art's sake, the tradition of Rossetti and of Turner, distracted his attention from the Greek urge to be concrete about the concrete. He could then be as specific as possible about what was as vague as possible. He could find strangeness and not clarity the essence of beauty, provided the strangeness were clearly painted. He could even conceal his doubt of his belief in disbelief, and forget for the time being that he could not forget the Christian tradition. Yet the pursuit of the right word left him on most occasions vaguely unhappy. Except in the *Greek Studies* he could not maintain the radiant innocence of the Greek temper. He could not rest in a conclusion about the futility of reaching conclusions. If he could not be either a Greek or a Christian, he would at all events imitate his conférés across the Channel. He would hunt unrelentingly for the definite word for the undefined, the unattainable emotion. Wherefore there arose in Pater a subtle shift of values. Style tended to become an end in itself. It ceased to be what he said it should be in his essay on the subject, the concrete objectification of an emotion. 'Mind in style' gave way to 'soul in style', and 'mind in style', as the word hints, provided many a loophole for the indefinite impression. The monotony of Pater's style, present above all in *Marius*, though present everywhere that he writes well and carefully, save in the vivacious *Greek Studies*, was a consequence of his emphasis upon these vague connotations. It was the fault of Swinburne, although the quality of the monotony was different. And in the same way it throws the reader into a mood almost aloof from the subject, which he is unable intimately to embrace. Despite the recurrence of reservations and qualifications, it fails to sharpen his perceptions. This is so truly its effect that an analysis of Pater's style discloses more variety of structure than is expected. The flow of long sentences is often broken by rhetorical question

and exclamation in the French manner. But they do not secure a French effect. The mood set up by the long sentences carries over and obliterates what would have been their crispness in isolation. For these long sentences are always formed on the same Romantic model. They are invariably anti-climatic. Resolutely they start with a positive assertion. But it is at once qualified by a number of predicate phrases, by parentheses, by sluggish polysyllable adjectives, until they have been drained of their definiteness. The effect is that of a natural impulse arrested by second thought into a conscientious hesitation afraid to drop the subject and conclude. It is that of a man not merely enslaved by the beauty of sensations, but achieving as a result of persistent discipline a serenity of mood which the quality of the sensations would hardly justify. Spontaneous Greek emotion is transcribed, after all, into the reservations of Victorian propriety. And I think the confident beginning and the hesitant redundant phrasing of the end of Pater's sentence represents precisely the manner in which in his own emotional life his conception of Greek naturalism was met and palsied, without ever being quite falsified, by the uncertainty and the fear of paganism in the Victorian temper.

by A. Wigfall Green

## WILLIAM FAULKNER AT HOME

"**F**AULKNER," said the Muse, "look in thy heart and write," and Faulkner wrote of the pseudopolis Jefferson, in Yoknapatawpha County, in the heart of the red-hill section of northern Mississippi. Jefferson, probably named for the President of the Confederacy, is Oxford, in Lafayette County, the seat of the state university; Yoknapatawpha was probably suggested by Yocona (locally pronounced Yök'-ny), the name of a bordering county and river.

Repudiating the custom of the New Englander of placing a green in the center of the town, the Southerner placed the courthouse, the civic nucleus, within a square, about which commerce is usually concentrated. The Circuit Court of Yoknapatawpha, or Lafayette, County, which has jurisdiction in the sensational trial in *Sanctuary*, affords, together with opossum hunting, the principal entertainment for the native. At the sessions of this court, the audience eats peanuts as though it would never consume the local produce; in the moving picture house, however, popcorn is devoured, frequently after a preliminary toss into the air, and unshelled peanuts are chucked at other members of the audience. Within the courtyard, pigeons which have attained the required state of burliness, and village idlers whose beards have become tobacco tintured to the required saffron, vie in garrulity. In *Sanctuary*, Faulkner tells of "the young men pitching dollars in the courthouse yard". Gambling is a Mississippi diversion inherited from the river folk—wealthy Southern planters who had much to lose and flotsam who had much to gain. Had Faulkner said "pennies", however, he would have been nearer the truth, for seldom is more than a nickel pitched at the line. Inside this yard and on the pavement outside the fence is the town curb market, where home-slaughtered, unrefrigerated meats, exposed to the sun, are sold, and where, at harvest, scores of negroes voraciously eat watermelons which they have broken open against the curb; the rind, the seeds, and the overripe centers they discard on the pavement, forming a treacle so viscid and so slippery that one's



feet alternately stick and slide. The main entrance to the tetragonal court-house is distinguished by a granite shaft upon which stands at attention a soldier of the War between the States, one of a multitude manufactured in equivocal Ohio and supplied to North and South alike.

Between the court-house and the shops which surround it is a street, in which, until three years ago, swine wallowed. To the east are a red post office of the Polk period and a one-story department store which has grown little since the War. To the west are a hamburger restaurant, a jewelry store which sells victrola records, and a hardware store, the one which figures in *The Sound and the Fury*. To the south are several drug stores and the workshop of a cerement costumer, the hand on the shop sign pointing, however, into the street rather than to the stairway which leads to the second floor. To the north are a bank which has remained open in spite of flood and drought, a beauty shop which has withstood the sentiment against bobbed hair, the establishment of an undertaker, at which, quite appropriately, picture frames are made, and a grocery store bearing the cordial sign, "Don't go elsewhere to get skinned; come in here." The four-faced clock of the court-house looks, respectively at a rutted, red-clay road leading to barren fields; at Washington Street (a new-fangled name for Depot Street) leading to the railroad station; at South Lamar Street (named for Lucius Cincinnatus Lamar II, one time Secretary of the Interior under President Cleveland), leading through a pleasant residential section to Jackson, the capital; and at North Lamar Steet, leading to merry Memphis past Holly Springs, the twin Sister of Oxford, and past a huge oak under which Grant wiped the perspiration from his brow on his way to Vicksburg, an expedition mentioned in *Sanctuary*.

That Jefferson and Oxford are the same place is established by the statement in *Sartoris* that Jefferson is seventy-five miles from Memphis on a clay road, and on the Illinois Central Railroad between Chicago and the Gulf of Mexico, every detail of which applies to Oxford. The trip by train from Oxford to Memphis, which affords an outlet for money and inhibition, requires five hours: one hour to Holly Springs, a stop-over of three hours, and another hour to Memphis, where the Mississippi plantation owner has been so prodigal of money as to establish the adage, "He squanders money like a Delta planter in Memphis after harvest."

The trip "through the country" requires more than two hours of hard driving over treacherous gravel, dust, and sand, making one long for the return of the days of the linen duster. Heavy fogs and stray cattle increase the perils of the trip, not to mention looping the loop over bridges of rough-hewn timber which cover dry creeks and sluggish streams filled with pale green algae, through which lazy turtles snap at insects, and into which negroes place many lines attached to cane poles in the hope of enticing a sunfish for dinner. The road leads also past gum trees and undergrowth of brier and past sorghum mills which, in the autumn, emit the sweet savor of the new-crushed stalk; in winter, the withered sedge and overcast skies collude to depress. The Tennessee line is always greeted with a great yell, for ahead lies a concrete road leading to the comparative simplicity of the city, and freedom from the complexities of the small town. Yet, after a week-end in the most sophisticated city of the South, one is willing and eager to return to one's servitude and to the reality which Faulkner has so well depicted in his novels, for Mississippi is ever a challenge, an inescapable portent.

Northern Mississippi, blighted but not benighted like several adjoining states, is yet the home of true chivalry, commingled, of course, with the materialistic spirit of the Mid-West, but yet cultured and serene. The artificiality of the Southwest is replaced by a bland ease which flouts worry and work. In *The Sound and the Fury*, Faulkner says, "It's a good thing the Lord did something for this country; the folks that live on it never have. Friday afternoon, and from right here I could see three miles of land that hadn't even been broken", and it would have been the same had the day been Tuesday!

One wonders, however, what the Lord did for this part of the country except to fructify the cotton plant and its eternal enemy, the boll-weevil. One of the characters in *The Sound and the Fury* says truly, "Aint nobody works much in dis country cep de boll-weevil, noways." Yet, despite the low price of picking, fifteen cents a hundred pounds, the cotton seems to be picked and ginned, although the ginner receives but three dollars—and only a dollar and a half in some places in Alabama—for the ginning, the hemp sack in which the cotton is bound costing sixty-seven cents. Every shack on every plantation has cotton, the staple of the South, piled on the tiny front porch as high as the eaves, and every farm

is sown with cotton to the very farmhouse door, no room being left for truck gardening, with the result that, when the harvest is bad or the price low, the poor whites have to beg for food. Nearly every cross-road has a gin operating at capacity, although the roof admit rain and the floor groan with the weight of the heavy machinery. Part of the cottonseed, which is sold at ten dollars a ton, is often given in exchange for the ginning. The earth about the railroad station in Oxford is wadded several inches with cotton waste and cottonseed. Negroes may be seen on any dusty or muddy road about Oxford driving oblong wagons, made of unfinished timber, containing cotton, the product which has brought comparative wealth and extreme poverty to this part of the country.

All Faulkner's novels show his familiarity with the Mississippi negro, who differs considerably from the negro of the Southeast. One of his best descriptions is that contained in *The Sound and the Fury*, where he depicts a crazy, weathered negro church, supporting with difficulty a box steeple, on the outskirts of Oxford. Faulkner tells of the barbaric decorations of multicolored crepe paper and folding Christmas bells, but he leaves unnoticed an immense sign bearing the pathetic inscription, HE. IS. RIS. In Oxford, the negro Second Baptist Church, so called because it is built on the site of the First Baptist Church, which was burned, affords good material for one interested in the Christian contortions of the negro.

The Oxford cemetery, with the negro plot beyond the white, where the distinguished are buried simply and the simple ornately, has given good material to Faulkner, who, in *The Sound and the Fury* and *As I Lay Dying*, describes the pompous graves in the bury-ground of his own family.

All northern Mississippi is, to some extent, a cemetery, for decayed and decaying towns encompass Oxford, one of the most interesting of these being Old Wyatt, now compromising a single farmhouse, but a city more populous than Oxford or Holly Springs when the Tallahatchie River formed the chief means of conveyance between this section and the lower Mississippi. Among the ruins of Old Wyatt, which emits the vapors of a tomb, an occasional coin of the eighteenth century or a fragment of English blue porcelain is found; in the midst of this rank swamp country, a

sense of forlornness and evanescence arises within one like that felt after reading *The Ruined City* in Anglo-Saxon literature.

The country about Oxford is a series of gulches, called humorously the Grand Canyons of Mississippi, perversely produced by Nature to supply the Delta with its silt in which cotton luxuriates. Often this erosion, for which there seems to be no preventive, destroys whole plantations, rendering the land uncultivable and providing natural graves for cattle. Within some of the gulches, the stratification of the surrounding embankments, rising often more than fifty feet, is quite beautiful: twilight suffuses the dull gold walls with a rugged and ancient charm comparable to that of the cathedral at Exeter. Freshets have left, in many places, tiny, imperfectly rounded masses of sandstone which offered resistance when water was sucked spirally toward the center and found outlet by overflowing. These remains, most resembling the woody cup of the acorn, make grotesque ash receivers. Throughout the countryside, also, large mounds have survived, having been reared by Indians probably as a means of escape from flooded surrounding territory, and probably not for burial; about these mounds, arrow-heads and other instruments of warfare are frequently found.

The two common types of Mississippi architecture appear in Faulkner's novels: the paintless, one-story cottage of the farmer, with porch, called locally "a hall", extending from front to back, and with rooms on each side; a high-vaulted roof protects the occupants from the sun. Most of Faulkner's characters live in this kind of house, but he lives in the other kind, the more ornate, two-story mansion of the wealthy planter, with columns extending from the lower porch to the roof, and a balcony inside the pillars.

In this country, says Faulkner, "I was born in 1826 of a negro slave and an alligator." How the mother alligator must have shed tears over her offspring! In reality, Faulkner was born in 1897 at New Albany, Mississippi, where his father, Murry T. Falkner, who, until last year, was Business Manager of the University of Mississippi, was connected with the family railroad which his father, John W. T. Falkner—the *u* is a recent restoration—an Assistant United States District Attorney from 1886-1888, and his grandfather, Colonel William C. Falkner, had built. Colonel Falkner, William's great grandfather, was a first lieutenant during



the Mexican War, and, during the Civil War, as a colonel, he saw service at Harpers Ferry. On November 5, 1889, he was elected to the Legislature of Mississippi, on which day he was assassinated in Ripley, Mississippi, by R. J. Thurmond, who was acquitted. There is no doubt that the lovable Colonel Bayard Sartoris, who, in Faulkner's *Sartoris*, served as aide-de-camp to Jeb Stuart in Virginia, is Colonel William C. Falkner, and that John Sartoris is a combination of John W. T. Falkner, and Colonel Falkner. Faulkner says in this novel:

It showed on John Sartoris' brow, the dark shadow of fatality and doom, that night when he sat beneath the candles in the dining-room and turned a wineglass in his fingers while he talked to his son. The railroad was finished, and that day he had been elected to the state legislature after a hard and bitter fight, and doom lay on his brow, and weariness.

'And so,' he said, 'Redlaw'll kill me tomorrow, for I shall be unarmed. I'm tired of killing men . . . Pass the wine, Bayard . . .'

And the next day he was dead . . .

Colonel Sartoris appears also in *The Sound and the Fury*, forming only one of the many family links appearing in Faulkner's novels.

It is, then, from his great grandfather, the author of *The White Rose of Memphis*, *The Little Brick Church*, and *Rapid Ramblings in Europe*, that William inherited his name and literary talent. Of the first, 160,000 copies were sold before the thirty-fifth edition of 1909. Aboard a Mississippi side-wheeler, from which the novel takes its name, a *bal masque* is held, the passengers taking the parts of Don Quixote, Sancho Panza, Ivanhoe, the Duke of Wellington, Napoleon, George III, and Mary, Queen of Scots. Hackneyed literary quotations, Portia scenes, a narrow escape from unnatural death by rattlesnake bite, and disembodied spirits provided emotional tremors for the reader of the sensational 'seventies.

William came as a young child, to Oxford, where he was educated in the public schools. Although too small to play ball, he took great interest in school activities and incessantly wrote jests, poetry, and short stories. It must amuse William to know that his teachers now say that they predicted that he would be a writer.

During the War, Faulkner became an officer in the Royal Flying Corps, giving, in his usual ironic way, as his reason for enlist-

ment the fact that he was afraid of being drafted, and that he liked the aviation uniform more than any other. Although he has two enemy planes to his credit and several times barely escaped death, he says, with the customary attempt to scoff at the heroic, that he crashed twice, costing the British government more than four thousand pounds. He is now assembling a plane for private flight.

Upon his return to Mississippi, Faulkner shocked the staid natives of Oxford by walking about the streets barefoot and by sitting on the floor of a local drug store reading magazines. Because he wore extremely wide army trousers and an overseas cap and stuck a monocle in one eye, he was given the complimentary title of count.

On September 19, 1919, Faulkner was enrolled as a special student at the University of Mississippi, taking a course in French, on which he received A for both semesters; a course in Spanish, on which he received B for both semesters; and a course in English, on which he received, for the first semester, D, then a failing grade, probably as a result of which he dropped this course during the second semester. In November, 1920, he voluntarily withdrew, probably not wishing to be like Horace in *Sartoris*, who "has spent so much time being educated that he never has learned anything." His conception of education is perhaps best expressed by Dr. Mahon, who, in *Soldier's Pay*, describes his son Donald: "Education in the bookish sense he had not: the schooling he got was because he wanted to go, the reading he did was because he wanted to read. Least of all did I teach him fortitude. What is fortitude? Emotional atrophy, gangrene . . ." An attack, more deadly, upon the usual method of teaching sophomore English appears in *Mosquitoes*:

English literature course whittled Shakespeare down because he wrote . . . without pointing a moral, and one instructor always insisted that the head devil in *Paradise Lost* was an inspired prophetic portrait of Darwin, and they wouldn't touch Byron with a ten-foot pole, and Swinburne was reduced to his mother and his old standby, the ocean. And I guess they'd have cut this out had they worn one-piece bathing suits in those days. But in spite of that I got interested in learning things.

In *Soldier's Pay*, one of his characters believes that Dr. Gary is thinking of Ella Wilcox or Irene Castle when he mentions Swin-

burne: this may well be contrasted with the literary affectations of the novels of his great grandfather, whose *filles de joie* quote Pope. In *The Sound and the Fury*, in which Faulkner shows that he has no first-hand knowledge of Harvard, the pasture lands of the idiot Benjy or Maury are sold that Quentin may go to Harvard, because "Harvard" has a "fine sound". In this novel, he spells *Harvard*, *Jew*, *Jesus* and *I* with small letters. In *Mosquitoes*, however, he says:

I guess there is a time in the life of every young American of the class that wants to go to college or accepts the inevitability of education, when he wants to go to Yale or Harvard. Maybe that's the value of Yale and Harvard to our American life: a kind of illusion of an intellectual nirvana that makes the ones that can't go there work like hell where they do go, so as not to show up so poorly alongside of the ones that can go there.

Still ninety out of a hundred Yale and Harvard turn out are reasonably bearable to live with, if they ain't anything else. And that's something to be said for any manufactory, I guess. But I'd like to have gone there . . .

But Faulkner is not really unsympathetic with any university, even his own; he sees irony in all things, and especially in teaching, the most ironic of professions. He routs rules and principles and boundaries. He is constantly lamenting the limits of the English language, which he believes to be too small for adequate expression: as a result, he creates new words, all with attractive connotation, although frequently an accepted cognate word appears in the language. His insatiable desire for variety and originality finds expression in his startling figures of speech, although his misspellings cannot be accounted for in the same manner.

Faulkner considers his experience as scoutmaster of the Oxford troop of boy scouts as one of the most pleasant of his life. His scouts speak glowingly of his war stories told about a campfire, and many of them admit that, because of his solemn adjuration, the weekly bath was replaced by the daily.

While Faulkner was postmaster at the University of Mississippi, he declared that he would write a novel so repulsive that it would be barred from the mails. *Sanctuary*, the most nauseous novel in the language, signally carried out this threat. In 1924, Faulkner says facetiously, he was removed from this position be-

cause of reading, while on duty, things other than people's mail, of reluctantly waiting on customers, and of misplacing incoming mail and throwing outgoing mail into piles of refuse.

Faulkner's first published work is a book of verse called *The Marble Faun*. Another collection of poetry called *The Greening Bough*, not published because of his concentration upon the novel, contains many promising lyrics, of which the following is a specimen:

Lay me not the rose for lovers,  
Lay me not the bay for fame;  
But something which no symbol covers,  
Some simple shape no sage can name.

Faulkner's apprenticeship in poetry is reflected in all his novels.

While on one of his numerous rambles, Faulkner met in New Orleans Sherwood Anderson, who obtained for him a position as reporter with the *Times-Picayune*. Anderson, somewhat later, suggested that Faulkner write a novel, a suggestion which resulted in *Soldier's Pay*. This novel, published in 1926, is perhaps the most autobiographic of Faulkner's works; it contains philosophic disenchantment without sordidness. The death of Donald, the young aviator, who is Faulkner, is a bit of masterly description. Because Faulkner gave his heart unstintingly, as one can do only to one's first novel or to one's first-born, that this is, in many respects, his best novel.

The next year, 1927, Faulkner published *Mosquitoes*, which contains no endemic characters or scenes.

*Sartoris*, published in 1929, and dedicated to Sherwood Anderson, is definitely regional. Here, again, Faulkner has placed himself and his ancestors prominently among his characters, and, once more, he introduces the war and its effects.

In *The Sound and the Fury*, published in 1929, Faulkner has surmounted great psychological difficulties. His reproduction of the thought processes of a thirty-three-year-old idiot—if an idiot may have thought processes—shows his understanding of the subnormal to an almost uncanny degree. Such statements as "I quit crying, but I couldn't stop", and "Caddy smelled like trees in the rain" are simple but eloquent, as is the description of Benjy's burning himself: "My hand jerked back and I put it in my mouth and Dilsey caught me. I could still hear the clock between my voice. Dilsey reached back and hit Luster on the head. My voice was



going loud every time." Luster, like the other negroes of this story, is a good portrait of the Mississippi negro, one of whom says of the idiot: "He deaf and dumb . . . Born looney." The sensitive girl Quentin, another of Faulkner's ladies of sorrow, is an excellent creation, much like the heroine of *Sanctuary*. An interesting study in heredity is offered in Quentin, who, in temperament, is the daughter of her uncle Quentin and her mother Caddy. Much of the dissimulation of the small town Southerner is found in Jason Compson, the pretended upholder of the ideals of an aristocratic but decadent family.

In 1929, Faulkner married Mrs. Eselle Oldham Franklin, who has, by a past marriage, two children whose ages aggregate thirteen. Mrs. Faulkner thus supplied the title for the recent collection of short stories, entitled *These Thirteen*, by speaking in jest of her thirteen children. University students talk pleasantly of the hospitality of Mrs. Faulkner, who recently entertained a group of them by providing an immense ham—which they consumed—for dinner and by riding backwards on a bicycle; during a part of the afternoon, William excused himself and took a nap—a thing for which William cannot be blamed.

*As I Lay Dying*, published in 1930 and dedicated to Hal Smith, one of Faulkner's publishers, borders on the grotesque. The building at home of a casket before the death of the one to repose in it (a device used by George Eliot in *Adam Bede*), the sinking of the casket in a swollen stream, and its carirage, with buzzards hovering over it, to the cemetery for burial while Cash, with a broken leg, lies on top of it, and Darl, his brother, suddenly becomes insane, as well as the difficulties of Dewey Dell, the deflowered girl, are evidences of genius gone wild. Darl is finally sent to Jackson, a euphemism which only the Mississippian knowing of the two insane asylums in that city can understand. Anse Bundren, lazy but religious, like many North Mississippi farmers, seems to be taken from life. The local dialect is well revealed by Anse when he says, "I know that Old Marster will care for me as for ere a sparrow that falls." The names of several persons, especially Vardaman and Peabody, are those of buildings on the University of Mississippi campus, as is that of Isom in *Sartoris*. Faulkner uses an interesting method in this novel, in that the chapter heading is the name of the character whose thoughts are recorded within that chapter. Vardaman, who likens the corpse of

his mother to a dead fish which he has just dissected, reveals Faulkner's keen knowledge of child psychology. This work is unique among Faulkner's six novels in that, having begun as a tragedy, it ends as a comedy.

*Sanctuary*, published in 1931, but said to have been written before *As I Lay Dying*, is probably the most local of Faulkner's novels. The heroine, an "Ole Miss" student, and the hero, a University of Virginia graduate, are taken from life, as is Popeye, one of the innumerable base characters, who is undoubtedly Popeye Pumphrey, a Memphis racketeer who recently attempted suicide. The campus of the University of Mississippi is described in detail. This novel, which was evidently written to give America the type of novel that it likes, depicts only the groveling side of college life. In construction and slightly in characterization, it shows advance, but it is unworthy of the talent of Faulkner.

Faulkner's personal appearance varies as much as does his style of writing. Of late he has a mustache, but he is known to have had a Vandyke, and, once upon a time, a smooth face. Frequently he wears an olive drab army shirt with no tie or coat, an old pair of army trousers, and yellow shoes; in this attire, which he gives to some of his characters, he seems most natural. In *Soldier's Pay*, he says of Donald, "Could you put a faun into formal clothes?" William is not only the aviator, Donald, but also the faun. Sometimes, however, he wears a light grey hat and a modish grey suit, and carries a cane and chamois gloves. William's chief concern seems to be that he may be mistaken for what he really is—a gentleman. He believes that any artificial code, like that of the gentleman, retards progress. In *Soldier's Pay*, he says that a boy may not be aided by "always letting a gentleman don't do this and a gentleman don't do that interfere." His personal philosophy is not at all that of a lost soul; he views all human conduct with a smiling, satirical tolerance. His sympathies are Southern, but he can poke fun at provincialism, as he does in *The Sound and the Fury*, when he says of Gerald's mother: "She approved of Gerald associating with me because I at least revealed a blundering sense of noblesse oblige by getting myself born below Mason and Dixon." His turn of thought and his tastes are extremely simple: he plays tennis and golf occasionally, and he picks wild flowers with the ecstasy of a child. Not at all is he the unlettered, unsocial person that he would have the world to believe he is. In a dig-

nified old home, fronted with square, white pillars, and surrounded with firs and magnolias, he does most of his dreaming. He writes in a room entirely bare except for a table, a chair and a typewriter.

Faulkner is a compelling novelist because he has found universality in provincialism. England is supreme in the novel because her authors have reflected the provincial life of every shire in the kingdom. The outstanding American novel is, likewise, regional. Whether, however, American regional literature will live, except as a literary curiosity, cannot now be determined. It is certain though, that the novel which is to endure must appeal to the intellect as well as to the emotions. Faulkner has yet to write a novel containing great emotional range: when he has equalized the spiritual with the physical he will be truly on the road to permanence. In laying bare sense *nuances*, Faulkner has perhaps surpassed all other American novelists, but he offers little intellectual exaltation and little permanent philosophy with which to perpetuate his name. Faulkner has, however, interpreted his characters with a cosmopolitan insight and a sympathy—the result of his being one of them—which have made them vivid persons. Perhaps he has stirred up too much the dregs of life to which the South has frequently closed her eyes, and perhaps he has too violently snatched the mask from the face of the Southern gentleman, but his method undoubtedly conforms to the elementary psychological principle that every violent action produces an equally violent reaction. He has, on the other hand, given us a new beauty in taking the aristocratic Southerner from a lofty pedestal and placing him close to the earth, where we see on his face not hauteur and arrogance but delicately sculptured kindliness and sorrow. If his characters of this type do not develop, the reason is that there can be no great development in decadent and provincial society, which may be, after all, the highest type of society, provided it does not depart too far from the norm. He has flouted the tender sensibilities of the Old South, and, although his caveman atavism is too marked, his influence may in the end prove salutary. He has, moreover, given feeling and utterance to the down-trodden and inarticulate poor white. He is a master of the stream-of-consciousness method, and, although his consciousness is too physiological, his sense perceptions are so keen that he has made his characters less repulsive than they otherwise would be. At times, he seems

to enunciate the doctrine that whatever is, is wrong, but, fortunately, he offers no solution. Faulkner is essentially tragic, his novels revealing all the sorrows of life. In *Mosquitoes*, he says, "Only an idiot has no grief; only a fool would forget it", but, characteristically, in *Soldier's Pay*, he says, "Even sorrow is a fake, now." His gods do not either chortle good-humoredly or flash forth their wrath: they smile slightly and ironically out of the sides of their mouths. His social satire is both delicate and axiomatic, and his novels as severely dramatic and as heavy with detail as the modern German drama. Although Life offers combat, the result is a draw. Fate hovers above his characters as it does in Saxon literature, and always "wyrd bi ful araed." (Fate is full inexorable.) In *The Sound and the Fury*, he says, "... no battle is ever won . . . They are notevenfought. The field only reveals to man his own folly and despair, and victory is an illusion of philosophers and fools." Man, since the days of classical literature and much before, has been but a bit of clay in the hands of the gods, and so he is in the hands of Faulkner. In *The Sound and the Fury*, he says: "Father was teaching us that all men are just accumulations dolls stuffed with sawdust swept up from the trash heaps where all previous dolls had been thrown away . . ." and, in *Sartoris*, he says of Bayard Sartoris, "... he fell to talking of the war. Not of combat, but rather of a life peopled by young men like fallen angels, and of a meteoric violence like that of fallen angels, beyond heaven or hell and partaking of both: doomed immortality and immortal doom." Arnold Bennett said that Faulkner "writes like an angel," but one not really familiar with his novels would be inclined to say, "No; quite the contrary. Faulkner should, however, place a few angels within his novels—just for the sake of contrast! Life in Faulkner's works is as tragic as that of the enduring cypress of the native swamp, with its leaves drooping abjectly toward its roots, alternately exposed to the blistering sun and laved in soft, yellow waters which sluggishly, but steadily, flow to the Mississippi.



by *Philip Graham*

## JAMES WOODROW, CALVINIST AND EVOLUTIONIST

**D**ESPITE the lurid flare from the church-evolution battle, the one-hundredth anniversary of the birth of James Woodrow (1828-1907) slipped away without any mention of the man who, more than any other American of his generation, precipitated the science-and-religion controversy. Yet the teachings of this same man, who kept himself "in mere faithfulness from the eye of fame", are now offering our most frequently accepted solution for the problem. In addition to his rôle as chief actor in our first church-evolution drama, James Woodrow might, incidentally, claim also other distinctions, for he was the teacher of Sidney Lanier as well as the uncle of Woodrow Wilson.

Woodrow's unique relation to the evolution controversy arose from the fact that he was in both camps at once,—as sound in Presbyterian doctrines as in scientific hypotheses. His blood gave him a right to this strategic position. For, according to the best family tradition, a certain James Woodrow of seventeenth-century Scotland had, with his very first words, repeated the Shorter Catechism without missing a syllable! This youthful Covenanter, later a staunch Professor of Theology in the University of Glasgow, transmitted undiminished through five generations an insatiable desire, not only for theology and for battle, but also for truth.

The inheritor of these traditions—the American James Woodrow—at the age of eight left his native England with parents who had missionary intentions on Canada. But the Northern winter of 1837 was severe enough to send the family south as far as Ohio, where they settled at Chillicothe. The young James, after graduating from Jefferson College (now Washington and Jefferson), chose to continue the trek south begun earlier by his parents.

He first stopped in Alabama to serve as principal of several academies. Then Oglethorpe College (near Milledgeville, Georgia), a Presbyterian institution where even cold drinks were

banished to the safe distance of three miles from the campus, offered him a professorship of science at a salary sufficient to justify a summer (1853) at Harvard. Here in the Lawrence Scientific School he came under the influence of Louis Agassiz, "that prince of naturalists", as Woodrow years later called him, who was vigorously opposing every suggestion of evolution.

Aglow with new zeal for the investigation of "God's works", Woodrow obtained leave of absence from Oglethorpe for the next two years to study at the University of Heidelberg, then fast becoming the Mecca of young American scholars. Here he applied himself to natural science to such good purpose that at the end of two years he received his Ph.D. degree *summa cum laude*, and along with it the offer of a full professorship in the institution. Meanwhile he had found time to ramble over a limited portion of Europe, examining the Saarbuck deposits and the notable scientists with exactly the same courteous but persistent thoroughness.

The skeptically-inclined Heidelberg, instead of smothering the inspiration caught from Agassiz, seems only to have fired further the boyish enthusiasm of the earlier days; consequently the young professor of science in Oglethorpe College—he had refused the Heidelberg professorship—in 1856 was spiritually optimistic, as ready to inspire his students (Sidney Lanier was one) with a love for the poetry of nature as to lecture to them on geology or chemistry. Woodrow and Lanier often took long strolls together through the country districts surrounding the college, with everything from shale to theology for subject,—the beginning, perhaps, of Lanier's later unusual hospitality to science. The friendly professor occasionally invited his gifted pupil to drive with him to preaching appointments.

These rural preaching engagements, suggestive of Agassiz and Presbyterian ancestry rather than of Heidelberg and science, constituted Woodrow's self-imposed missionary activities among the poverty-stricken communities around Oglethorpe College. To regularize these pastoral engagements the young scientist "read up on" theology for a few weeks during 1859 and was ordained by the Hopewell Presbytery.

During the late 'fifties the Presbyterian Synods of Georgia, Mississippi, Alabama, and South Carolina were becoming more and more disturbed over "the inroads of infidel scientists on Christi-

anity". At the last of the decade came Darwin's *The Origin of Species*. The protests at first took the form of urgent recommendations and vehement resolutions. Then a vigorous pastor in Mississippi persuaded Judge Perkins, a Southern planter living at "The Oaks" on the outskirts of Columbus, to endow with the then munificent sum of thirty thousand dollars (later increased to forty thousand) a theological Chair, the design of which was "to evince the harmony of science with the records of our faith, and to refute the objections of infidel naturalists". The Synod of South Carolina, since "the most insidious attacks are made upon revealed religion through the natural sciences", thereupon established at Columbia Theological Seminary the "Perkins Professorship of Natural Science in Connection with Revelation", the first Chair of its kind in the world.

James Woodrow was chosen as the Perkins Professor. This announcement came with distinct disappointment to some to whom the vigorous Mississippi pastor, the inspirer of the generous endowment, would have seemed a more grateful choice. One of the four trustees of the fund even expressed misgivings that the Chair might tend toward anti-Christian opinions. A few saw in the selection of the Heidelberg scientist an emphasis on science rather than theology. When it became generally known, however, that the Oglethorpe professor had lately been duly ordained by an orthodox Presbytery, he was enthusiastically accepted by his fellow-workers at the Seminary.

When Woodrow assumed his new duties in 1861, there was hope in certain circles that the newly established bulwark of the church would succeed in embarrassing, perhaps even confounding, "infidel science". But the occupant of the new Chair at the very beginning of the project definitely shifted from "harmony of Scripture and science" to "lack of contradiction between Scripture and science". The two realms of science and religion are too far removed from each other, he believed, to admit of being harmonized without a complete understanding of both fields, and James Woodrow was too good a scientist to hope for that. Instead, therefore, of looking for agreement, he set himself to the task of convincing the embryonic preachers at the Seminary that science is neither Christian nor anti-Christian, neither theistic nor atheistic, any more than is the multiplication table. It seemed

to him as clearly absurd to relate evolution and religion as to inquire whether the doctrine is white or black, round or square.

If science was assured of fair treatment at the hands of the Perkins Professor, the Bible was equally safe, for Woodrow had too fresh a supply of the Conventer's blood not to feel for the Scriptures a reverence deep and unquestioning. He believed that the Bible not only *contains* the word of God, but *is* the word of God. To be correctly interpreted, however, it must be read in the light of the moral and spiritual purpose for which it was written: to teach man what to believe and to do with reference to God. To take its language in a scientific sense is grossly to pervert its meaning. Woodrow liked to quote the Scotch adage, *The Bible tells us not how the heavens go, but how to go to heaven*. On the other hand, the many quasi-scientific expressions in the Bible should not be interpreted as impugning the truthfulness of Scriptural language; these are mere accommodations to the popular mind. If to say that the sun rises conveys to the reader exactly the thought intended, then it is an accurate expression, though certainly not scientific.

Even before the closing of the Seminary during the Civil War, Woodrow had formulated the two beliefs fundamental to his later doctrines: his acceptance of the Bible as divine truth, and his "silence of Scripture concerning matters scientific". When, after the blighting years of Reconstruction, Woodrow returned in 1882 to the Perkins Chair, the Seminary almost immediately became the stage for stirring scenes in the church-evolution drama.

The curtain rose in 1883 when the Directors requested Dr. Woodrow to deliver before them an address on "evolution as it respects the world, the lower animals, and man". Woodrow was wholly unconscious of the rôle he was to play, for he did not suspect that his orthodoxy was being questioned. In fact, when he began the preparation of this address, he was, in his own words, "not convinced of the truth of the evolution hypothesis", still following his old teacher Agassiz. On a review of the whole case for the Directors, however, he decided that loyalty to truth compelled him to recognize "the preponderance of evidence in favor of the doctrine". Ironically enough, it was this invitation, extended for the purpose of "watching after the Doctor's doctrinal sound-



ness" and of "protecting his good name", that resulted in Woodrow's final accepting of the hated theory.

This address, which was to produce most unusual excitement in the Presbyterian Church, was delivered May 7, 1884 before the Alumni Association of Columbia Theological Seminary, with the Directors as guests. Woodrow welcomed the double opportunity of complying with the request of the Board and at the same time of showing his former students that additional investigation had modified his views. In the first section of this address he emphasized his ready acceptance of the Bible—all of it—as indisputably true. The silence of the Scriptures with reference to science he made the text of the second portion. In the last section Woodrow claimed for himself the privilege of accepting as "probably true" the general hypothesis of evolution, without prejudice to his faith in the Bible or to his standing as an orthodox member of the Presbyterian Church. Evolution and God's method of creating were, to him, identical; the scientist, whether atheist or theist, pagan or Christian, is free to guess at or analyze the steps in the creative process. The Perkins Professor, therefore, speaking from a theological Chair to the Directors and alumni of the Columbia Seminary, proceeded to present, according to the best manner of the day, the evidence in favor of evolution.

Very little objection was at once raised to the address. The Board of Directors by a vote of eight to three tendered to Dr. Woodrow its official gratitude for setting forth correctly the relations between the Scriptures and natural science, but hastened to add that it was not prepared to concur in the view expressed as to the creation of Adam's body. That the ecclesiastical atmosphere around the Seminary was a little murky we can readily guess when we find the Board, in this same resolution of thanks to Woodrow, congratulating the synods for the establishment of the Perkins Professorship, "that our ministry may be the better prepared to resist the objections of infidel scientists and defend the Scriptures against their insidious charges". Evidently the Directors did not feel so entirely comfortable in this matter as their earlier statement of gratitude might seem to imply.

Publication of the address<sup>1</sup> brought active opposition. The pe-

<sup>1</sup>In the *Southern Presbyterian Review* of July, 1884.

riodicals of the South, especially the Presbyterian organs, were the first to take up the fight. *The Central Presbyterian* of September 10, 1884 carried five editorial articles on evolution; the issue of the following week, ten articles. Presbyteries as far removed from the center of excitement as Texas issued official pronouncements against the "heretical doctrine".

The opponents of Woodrow found themselves in a quandary: apparently there was no field in which they could fairly meet this latest champion of evolution. They had been accustomed to turn to the Bible for their ammunition, but they found here a man who revered the word of God more than they themselves. Certainly the traditional bombs of *infidel* and *atheist* could not be hurled against one, scientist though he was, who whole-heartedly believed, he insisted, every word of the Scriptures. On the other hand, when Woodrow's opponents attempted to meet him in the scientific field, they were at a decided disadvantage: they did not know science, and Woodrow did. One of his adversaries, upon being told that an ape has a pelvis, burst into hysterics of laughter! And another thought Woodrow was ridiculing him when the patient Doctor stated that "the apple which fell in Newton's garden, Newton's dog Diamond, and Newton himself began life at the same point",—a single cell. Evidently these men could not intelligently carry forward the argument in the realm of science.

Editors—some of them conscientiously—resorted to various means of surmounting these difficulties. Many either ignored or pretended not to understand Woodrow's individualizing statements and launched against him the traditional thunderbolts. Some apparently did not read the address before answering it, and laid to Woodrow beliefs that existed only in their own wild and free imaginings. "If the theory of Professor Woodrow is correct," one editor bitterly complained, "we should have to rewrite the Confession of Faith, and explain on some new principle the introduction of sin into the world."

The patient Perkins Professor, confronted with the blind prejudices and the pointless wrangling that followed, grew weary of reiterating beliefs and qualifying statements merely to have substituted for them opinions which he had never dreamed of entertaining. Two years after the beginning of the controversy the

*Southern Presbyterian*, Woodrow's own paper, published an editorial, "Uselessness of Further Discussion". A few weeks later *The New York Evangelist* carried a caption, "A Hue and Cry Suddenly Hushed".

Perhaps *The Evangelist* was correct in regard to the controversy in the newspapers, but in another quarter the "hue and cry" was just beginning: the Southern Presbyterian Church began a long series of ecclesiastical court proceedings against James Woodrow, heretic. The Synod of South Carolina conducted an unofficial trial in which the defendant, though often reminded that he was not "on trial", was nevertheless encouraged to defend himself. Factions formed, and for five days the old First Presbyterian Church at Greenville, South Carolina, was a battle ground. During an early meeting of the synod, Woodrow read in full the sentence of the Inquisition pronounced in 1633 against Galileo for his belief "that the sun was the center of the universe and immovable, and that the earth moved . . . to the prejudice of the Holy Faith." The vehement protests from his listening opponents indicated that they caught the significance of the invited comparison. During the succeeding meetings the walls of the quaint old church more than once rang with the cry, "Remember Galileo!" Woodrow at last took the proffered opportunity of setting forth his views on the relation between science and religion: his staunch belief in the Bible, his theory of the silence of Scripture in regard to the creation of man's body, and the scientific evidence in favor of evolution he made the triple basis of his plea that the church assume an entirely neutral position, and refuse to pass judgment on scientific hypotheses. Despite Woodrow's carefully stated arguments, at the end of the fifth day the opinion of the body crystallized itself into a resolution that the teaching of evolution "except in a purely expository manner, with no intention of inculcating its truth, be disapproved."

During the next four years trials of this nature became frequent incidents in the ecclesiastical life of James Woodrow; so frequent, in fact, that in 1886 one Northern paper could facetiously remark: "Whenever things get dull with the Presbyterians of the South, they turn to and try Prof. Woodrow for heresy. The trial usually comes earlier in the season, but this has been an exceptional year for early crops and things are a little mixed. The

Augusta (Ga.) Presbytery, has just finished the heresy drama for this year." This Presbytery, identical with the old Hopewell district, where, twenty years before, Woodrow had entered the ministry, acquitted him of all charges of heresy. The Synod of Georgia, however, within the same year convicted him of "teaching that the body of Adam was probably the product of evolution", and the Directors of the Seminary promptly declared the Perkins Chair vacant.

The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, meeting at Baltimore (1888), staged the final trial, with the scientific and the ecclesiastical forces lined up against each other. Eminent scientists—among them E. D. Cope—sent to Woodrow telegrams assuring him that the world of science was with him; Woodrow's opponents, on the other hand, felt that they represented the cause not only of Presbyterianism but also of all Christian sects against a common enemy. It is not strange, then, that notwithstanding Woodrow's repeated assurance of his belief in the Bible and his acceptance of the Presbyterian standards, this Assembly found the defendant guilty of heresy.

In the very decision itself, strangely contradictory in its parts, is victory for Woodrow. This document sets forth that "the Church does not propose to touch, handle, or conclude any question of science" and that the Church must "see that these questions are not thrust on her to break the silence of Scripture." Woodrow's exact phrasing! Yet the same paragraph contains the definite conclusion, "It is the judgment of the General Assembly that Adam's body was directly fashioned by the Almighty God out of the dust of the ground without any natural animal parentage of any kind." Then another strangely inconsistent statement: "The wisdom of God prompted him to reveal the fact of creation while the inscrutable mode of his action has not been revealed." Surely the church, while industriously engaged in convicting James Woodrow of heresy, had unconsciously learned to repeat some of his precepts.

The epilogue to the drama furnishes a happy ending. Upon Woodrow's return to his own Presbytery in Georgia, instead of being greeted as a heretic, with the brand stamped fresh upon him by the highest authority of his denomination, he was almost immediately made moderator, notwithstanding his statement that



he still entertained the obnoxious beliefs. Further vindication came when three years later he was selected President of South Carolina College, and in 1901 moderator of the Synod of South Carolina.

Woodrow extended his influence far beyond the immediate ecclesiastical circle. He was a successful business man and bank president, as well as editor and publisher. (The young "Tommy" [Woodrow] Wilson, then about fifteen years old, occasionally set type in his Uncle James's printing shop in Columbia.) Woodrow's lasting influence and his true significance come from his combining within himself a spiritual religion and modern science, —in his case, Calvinism and evolution. With a spiritual life dominated by one of the strictest of creeds and a respect for the truths of science amounting almost to reverence, he yet united these apparently far-separated realms of spirit and sense. Just as he was insisting upon retaining his spiritual beliefs (and incidentally, his church affiliation) without any limiting of his conceptions of science, he was also demanding the privilege of accepting physical truths, whatever their nature, without prejudice to his spiritual realities. And he was successful!

*by T. Swann Harding*

## THE TECHNIQUE OF MAKING THINGS IMPORTANT

**I** ONCE read somewhere some ritualistic directions designed to make the performer of the rites in question a Yogi. It appeared that the first grade could be passed by remaining twelve years on your feet without ever once sitting or lying down. It was considered helpful under these circumstances to bind yourself to a tree with a rope in order to learn how to sleep standing. The second grade required the candidate to keep his hands clasped over his head for twelve years. He then spent a day between five fires, one at the East, one at the West, one at the North, one at the South, and one to represent the sun; he stood slowly swaying round the while and, if he was very lucky, blood might issue from his body in spurts and he might even die. If this trial was survived he was buried alive in an upright position. He was withdrawn after three and three-quarter hours and, if still viable, was assumed to be a Yogi. The ritual was at last complete.

My reading has also led me constantly to consider how completely bound primitive races are by ritual, each act being shackled and confined thereby. Thus when the chief of some tribes has his hair cut it becomes first necessary to kill and eat part of a man to strengthen him for the ordeal, a custom which is very time-consuming and must make the matter of having one's hair trimmed a very tedious business indeed. Moreover, I read that in Japan ritual is supreme. There is a right way to take tea and a long liturgy accompanies it. It is quite indelicate for you to accept the hostess's word that dinner is served ("Soup's on!") the first time she announces the fact. You must act as if you thought her an unconscionable liar and not until she becomes quite imperative, and declares the fact for the third time as if daring you not to believe her, is it correct for you to follow her to the repast.

But all this is presented as if it were the unusual thing. Yet I live in a country where every detail of life is imbedded in ritual.

I live where Selah Terrant lived and "She had lived with long-haired men and short-haired women, she had contributed a flexible faith and an irremediable want of funds to a dozen social experiments, she had partaken of the comfort of a hundred religions, had followed innumerable dietary reforms, chiefly of the negative order, and had gone of an evening to a seance or a lecture as regularly as she had eaten her supper." The lives of such people are, in short, nothing but prolonged rituals with each step detailed in advance by irrevocable rules.

I cannot go to a haberdashery without meeting ritual. If it is a store of a certain class the clerk ritualistically assumes that I am interested in goods priced three times what I can afford or mean to pay. He also has a sales liturgy which he chants so unerringly that it is quite the same throughout all the local haberdasheries. One portion of this liturgy reads, "How about some socks? We have a very fine value at three for a dollar just today." (In certain stores, of course, this item goes, "How about some imported Scottish golf hose, only \$2.98 today?") In ladies' stores, which I avoid, I am told the liturgy includes something about silk hose. But a line about handkerchiefs may be interpolated. Yet if that happened to me in a haberdashery I should become confused and bewildered. I expect to be checked up on socks, not on handkerchiefs, there.

There is even a ritual by means of which my wife and I refer to the blood relatives of each other. She has a very vehement and specific group of adjectives she applies to my parents. I have a still choicer group—having a somewhat more corpulent vocabulary—that I use to describe her father. To be sure, I have never seen her father; there is an ocean between us. But that, if anything, tends to make my description slightly more florid. These rituals are modified emotionally, of course, and we reserve entirely different sets of adjectives to describe our respective parents to each other when we feel at peace with one another. But that is good Episcopalian doctrine, I believe, to have one liturgy for calm occasions and quite another to discharge during a thunderstorm or an earthquake.

For that matter I have suddenly sat down while dressing in the morning to contemplate and, if possible, analyze, a distinct and most oppressive feeling of imminent foreboding that came

over me. Often it lasted well into the day, pursued me like a prognostication of disaster. Only late in the evening have I discovered that, while dressing, I got the wrong foot into my trousers leg first and that the entire emotional disturbance arose from a violation of one of my most sacred and important items of ritual.

Indeed I live upon ritual. When, in the morning, I open that document Edward B. McLean's money provides for me, I expect ritual on the editorial page. I expect Senator Norris to be called a Communist and a Red, and I expect to see the Democrats referred to as Socialists. If I did not find these things I should assume all was not right with the world. I freely admit that, from the standpoint of pure fact, it is as ridiculous to call a delightful old conservative and hidebound politician like Senator Norris a Communist, as it is to eat the kidneys of a personal friend to strengthen you for the tonsorial artistry of the corner barber. But I expect just that.

I expect to have things stated to me in a certain way. When the Red Cross gives money I expect that to be called the "American method of voluntary relief," and to be told that is "sound economically." Other methods of direct appropriation for distress I have learned, in the ritual, are "Treasury doles" and are most disastrously horrible. I have learned that the Senate will have to answer for its acts "to the great American public" but that the House of Representatives has earned the reward of "the people's gratitude." I have learned to read about "the American spirit of self-help and self-reliance," and that the American public has an all-seeing eye and will protect its own interests. I know very well, of course, that these are ritualistic forms of expression utilized by the editorial writer paid by Mr. McLean to adorn his paper with political chatter. But I expect, not blunt statement of facts, but a ritualistic liturgy which envelopes the facts, garnishes them, transforms them into things of grandeur, and ultimately relieves them altogether of such stark virtues as veracity and credibility.

Yes, rituals do sore beset us. The other night I was calling upon a gentleman—well he was a poet, but he bathes regularly, a ritualistic violation I must analyze some time—when he besought various bootleggers with sundry expletives to get his gin to him in fifteen minutes. Ultimately one out of six of them



promised delivery that quickly and the sale was made. After delivery I regarded the two very decorative bottles—they cost a dollar each full, and must have been worth ten cents when empty—to find them ornately labeled with reading matter declaring that the stuff was distilled and bottled in Scotland. The labels were so palpably counterfeit in their sloppy printing that I remarked this. "O yes," said my friend, "but the public demands them. Everybody knows they don't mean anything, but most people prefer them to be on there. It's a sort of ritual, I suppose."

If you want to see ritual in full operation take a trip on a Pullman car and, at suitable intervals, invade the diner. The curtains of carriages on crack trains are ritualistically kept at a certain height. Put one up a little too high or draw it down a little too low, leave your seat, and before you return the priest in uniform will have it at exactly the height ordained in the ritual of the Pullman Company for Pullman coach shades. This reminds me that a Frenchman in a recent book remarked the fun he had displacing the silver around his plate in a fashionable restaurant. He did it while the waiter's back was turned, but immediately the waiter saw what had happened he dashed up and put everything back in its proper place.

Go to the buffet car of this crack train, however, and order something. The ritual of trays comes into play. Often the Filipino attendant will go to great difficulty to find a tray upon which to lay your change, or your cigarets, when he could far more easily hand them to you directly. But that would be unhallowed. Observe also that the change, when it comes, is in coins of such value that you may be most inclined to leave a certain sum as a tip. This same ritual may be observed elsewhere and is, I have discovered, closely akin anthropologically to the primitive's idea that if he gives the god a dish of oatmeal he can expect a good crop next year.

Go, however, to the dining car. Here also the blinds are ritualistically adjusted. What is more interesting this coach has a certain sacramental character. You will observe that the train conductor removes his hat and holds it in his hand as he passes through, a delightful bit of ritual that brings a wince of pathos to the eye of the most hardened passenger—particularly if the conductor is very bald, which he so often is. The ritual of China is

used very largely here—very small quantities of food being enveloped and swathed in an extraordinary quantity of dishes of all descriptions, most of which return to the kitchen unsoiled. The waiter hovers about, if the coach is not too crowded, doing nothing in an ostentatious way designed to create the appearance of fatiguing labor.

The dining car does not sell food, however, any more than the railroad company itself sells transportation. Perish the vile thought. They both sell service, which is the liturgical word used to denote such sordid commercial transactions. The dining car also sells history. It may deal with the Revolutionary War and the car may be decorated as much like the dining room of some ancient colonial dame as severely restricted circumstances permit. The steward is your friend. He leans over you every now and then and whispers questions to ascertain that everything is just all, all right. The waiter is obsequiousness personified. O no; nothing vulgar like selling food here. The ritual calls for service and you get so much of it you are almost driven from the coach in self-defense.

At the end of the meal several interesting rites occur together. There is the finger bowl ritual which, if it were not so conventionalized now as to have had all exact meaning expressed from it, would be construed as a most indelicate hint that Americans ate like swine. The towel which formerly accompanied this dish no longer makes its appearance, however, and it may be passed off jocularly with just a touch of embarrassment and a half blush. There is the ritual of the face-down check, one of the sternest rules gustatory. In fact if the check appears price side uppermost you may at once conclude that you are in the wrong place; it cannot possibly have any class. Ultimately the small-change ritual puts in its appearance and, if you would lose caste altogether, try attempting to pay the dining car steward directly rather than permitting the funds to pass through the peculating hand of the presiding table priest.

You return to the Pullman coach. You approach your destination. This brings on an acute attack of ritualistic brushing and you are stood up and whisked with the greatest energy. If your shoes are shined this rite ends with many final ritualistic movements designed to let you know how difficult the job really is.

The porter now hovers near to carry nothing at all, if you happen to have that. He watches your progress from the train with an anxious eye, and stands expectantly at the foot of the steps, ready to transmit you to a more aggressive bandit who ritualistically awaits you there to carry your cane for you.

But perhaps you are met by your own car. And perhaps it needs gas. It rolls up to a "service" station, the ritualistic expression covering those places where gasoline and oil are sold. Immediately three or four uniformed flunkys descend upon it from all sides, rub the windshield, rub the fenders, look at the water, and do everything but kiss your wife, and might do that if you were not along. You stop at the ten-cent store where your wife makes a small purchase and tries to exit with it unwrapped. Can she? She has not considered the ritual! It must be wrapped or she will pass out with it only over the serried dead bodies of all the clerks in the store.

She drags you now to a concert, not because either you or she want to hear the lady imitate a flute, but because it is the thing ritualistically done by people in your set. The lady sings. You applaud. She makes three bows. You applaud enough to make her make three bows. Ritual owes her that. After the second group of songs you applaud enough to make her pop out again after her third bow. She comes with her accompanist bearing music, for the fourth popping out means an encore, and then she imitates the flute, if she is a soprano, for that is the ritualistic thing done at this time.

Once I heard a group of tall male Russian singers led by a tiny, affected little fellow reputed once to have been a Cossack officer. All the singers were tremendous men; the leader was perhaps five feet and a half tall. At the end of each song the leader would first bow to the audience, then dive fearfully into the standing singers who broke their two lines and let him hide, reforming to shelter him completely. Next the applause brought him forth from his hiding place, the line broke formally, he ran out and took a bow and then dived back again. The line reformed, broke to the applause, there was another bow, and another frantic dash into the ranks. This happened three times. After the third time the little leader ran back of the line from the point near the right where he had entered to a point near the left end; the line broke

and he emerged to more applause. That ritual was apparently carried out throughout the entire concert—three dashes from the right, the final emergence from the left end of the line. I say “apparently” because it bored me so I left the concert before it was over.

So ritualistic are we Americans that we gladly make up rituals to cover occasions which require none. I knew a man who lunched on twelve crackers and a glass of milk every day. He put the crackers out on his desk in four rows of three crackers each. Then, beginning at the top he covered the first and third rows of crackers with a dab of butter; those in the second and fourth rows got a dab of the same kind of strawberry preserves, for years on end. He next put away his butter, and his preserves and poured out the milk. Then he sat down, opened a box of cigarets, and laid one match handy. He began at the top and ate the first three crackers one after the other in rather quick succession. He next drank exactly one-fourth the milk in the glass. The second row of crackers and the second fourth of the milk went the same route, and so on to the end. He then arose and bathed the glass, putting it away in its accustomed place. Sitting down again he withdrew one cigaret, lit it with the one match—which somehow conspired by never going out—smoked it and then went back to work. I saw him lunch that way without deviation for three years; I was informed he had done it for ten.

Finally, I have seen a scientist in his laboratory grow so ritualistic that his actions had lost all meaning and content. I refer to his efforts to weigh to the fifth place after the decimal on a balance only accurate to three places after the decimal; to his bathing of beakers and glassware and his labored examinations thereof to discover contaminations which were not there; to his efforts to make readings on instruments of precision of such amazing accuracy that he tired his eyes and was less accurate than a worker who was less careful; to his washings and tirations which assumed a perfection no human could attain; to his dashing to put down all the windows when an automobile passed on a dusty road half mile away to prevent the entrance of dirt into the room, capped by a complex system of “corrections” applied to the weights used on his scales that were so complicated that his arithmetic often invalidated his weighings. I would say more, but it has been my



custom for years to drink a cup of coffee at 10 a.m., and it is just 9:55 this moment.

I must hurry, for without that coffee at 10 a.m. I have long ago convinced myself I cannot survive until noon. That marks the exact point at which ritual ceases to become ritual for, to be of good quality, it should never mean anything. Ritual may enhance or even pervert meanings which already exist; it may shade or underline existing values. But in and of itself it should be meaningless—even perhaps a bit balmy. Ritual softens the sharp corners of life and invests the trivial with portentousness. It helps men believe in the importance of their own egos and it can make the most inconsequential task in the world seem freighted with profundity and appear to require a highly specialized technique which can only be acquired with the greatest difficulty. Not only does this make the ritualistic individual himself feel magnified, but it often fools other people and raises his salary. He gains respect and emolument thereby. However, to be really effective, ritual should be completely meaningless and the caffeine in a cup of coffee is a drug to be reckoned with. But the habit of dosing oneself with caffeine at precisely the same hour day after day is as pretty a piece of ritual as there ever was.

*by Alice Freda Braunlich*

### DIVERGENT

Serenely woman yields her to the grave;  
But man aspires to immortality.  
For this a Phidias carved in ivory  
Athena's living form, a Wordsworth gave  
Fresh glamour to the moon-enraptured wave  
Brahe outwatched the stars—how patiently!—;  
For this Napoleon built his tyranny,  
Goodhue the lucid power of his nave.

She who hath tender seed-ground in her womb,  
And in her breasts a well that freely floweth,  
How should she gain what she can never lose?  
Not striving with a cataract of doom,  
But resting in the tide, to sea she goeth.  
Woman is water, poured for life to use.

*by John Wheelwright*

## PLANTATION DROUGHT

It has not rained.  
The fields lie powdered  
under smoke and clouds.  
The swamps are peopled  
with smouldering cedar  
reflected on black, hoarded water.

The furrow in the field  
behind the negro's heels  
smokes, as though the plowshare stirred  
embers in the earth.

As the furrow lengthens,  
the rising powder fades to sky-dust  
below the powdered sky.

This spongy land is parched  
and draws the salt sea to it,  
up all its earthy rivers.  
It drinks brine, like a thirsty goat.  
The river reeds are withered.

It is April in the meadows,  
but in the empty rice fields  
it is Winter.

Cedar roots drink fire under the sod.  
A flame seeps up the core,—  
A tall tree falls.  
From the bark, the white smoke bleeds.

Midway between midnight and daybreak  
the sky egg cracks across.  
Goats move in sleep.  
Night then speaks with one dry boom.

The goats veer in their steps and stir  
fireflies from live oak trees  
with their small lightnings.

One horned beast trots from the herd  
more in disdain than fright  
into the open a little distance foraging.  
The old devil knows.  
that, despite the bright, slow, loud antiphony,  
it will not rain.

*by Sherry Mangan*

DECEPTION ON A SUMMER AFTERNOON

No wind breathes here and no disdain  
ruffles the peace that stills this place  
your dreams splash on me like warm rain  
that spring once scattered on my face  
before I left that younger land  
where rain is more than nasty weather  
where all disdain is blackly banned  
as loveless to those bitter nether  
regions where we always are  
to each other enemies  
o if this place seems to be far  
from murder and these quiet trees  
seem symbols of a pleasant end  
to all our searchings and our hates  
and if it seems your dreams might end  
while my ambition ruminates  
know that we must return again  
reality the fact efface  
that no wind breathes and no disdain  
ruffles the peace that stills this place.

*by Henry W. Lawrence*

## THE MISUSED WASHINGTON

**G**EORGE WASHINGTON died in the year 1799, more than one hundred and thirty-two years ago. At the time of his death his fame was already widespread and secure, and the interminable series of laudatory orations which he so well deserved began at once. During the intervening century and more, tireless orators have struggled, with increasing difficulty, to pay adequate tributes of eloquence to this great man. One difficulty, which has grown with the years, is that of saying anything which has not already been said several hundred times before. Happily, however, so far as Washington's birthday speakers are concerned, patriotic American audiences desire nothing so much on these occasions as the robust repetition of the resounding platitudes of adulation with which they have long been thoroughly familiar. Indeed, they are likely to resent as inappropriate and out of order the introduction of any other than the usual facts and points of view regarding our foremost national hero.

However childish may be this taste for a reiteration of the obvious, it is not peculiar to America. It is characteristic of most nations to exalt, even to deify, their most popular heroes, and to wish said concerning them only words of praise, fit for the commemoration of demigods. Such words nourish a vigorous national pride, and they are supposed also to fire the hearts of impressionable youth with a reverent determination to follow worthily in the footsteps of the great departed. Whether it be the children of the obscure little state of Albania, thrilled with worshipful admiration for their warrior, Georges Scanderbeg; or the soldiers of militant Japan, pausing in their ruthless warfare about Shanghai to adore the spirit of an ancient emperor; or the patriotic citizens of the United States, mobilized for a bicentennial veneration of the immortal George Washington; it is clear enough that hero worship is common to them all, and that this is a potent force in the life of every nation. That this force can be of incalculable harm, seems to be less generally understood and to stand in need of some emphasis at this moment in the world's history.



In our own United States, for instance, it may seem almost sacrilegious to point out that the influence of George Washington may be productive of harm as well as of good. In his case, as in those of many other national heroes, it is entirely possible so to misuse his fame and misapply the lessons from his life as to produce results which he himself, if living now, would be the foremost in deploring. For example, Washington is commonly regarded as a steadfast supporter of political conservatism. The weight of his great name is often thrown into the scales of controversy against proposals for any radical modification of existing governmental institutions. Probably a great majority of the citizens of the United States today would deny with indignant amazement the assertion that the career of George Washington resembles in several fundamental respects those of such modern radicals as the Indian Nationalist Gandhi and the Russian Bolshevik Lenin. Yet these three world figures have at least this much in common: each of them defied the lawfully constituted authority which ruled his native land, and, at the imminent risk of war and bloodshed, sought to overthrow the established political system and to replace it by one which most intelligent persons throughout the world condemned as, at best, a rash experiment, offering slight hope of success and great probability of disaster. In winning independence for the new American republic, Washington was anything but a conservative; he was, of course, a revolutionary, quite as truly as Lenin and Gandhi were revolutionists. He was, however, a revolutionary of the eighteenth century, and therefore his ideas differ greatly from those of the revolutionaries of the twentieth century. It is this difference which deceives many into believing that he was a conservative. It is a misuse of his fame and a misapplication of the lesson of his life, to count him steadily on the conservative side of current political controversies.

One of the easiest and most common perversions of the Washington influence is that based on his oft-quoted advice to eighteenth century America to steer clear of foreign entanglements and seek safety in a policy of diplomatic isolation. How often and how solemnly are his warning words quoted, and in how many different ways is the weight of his influence brought to bear against any steps toward international cooperation on the part of twentieth century United States. Yet Washington was giving advice concerning world conditions of the eighteenth century, with which

he was competently familiar, and not concerning the unforeseeable conditions of the twentieth century. There is no reason to believe that he wished to fix the foreign policy of his country for all future time, nor that he would have given similar advice amid the conditions of today. Indeed, if we may imagine the disembodied spirit of our great first president still watchful and solicitous for the welfare of the republic he founded, it is easy to believe him sorrowful for the stupidity, or indignant at the insincerity, which prompted so many of his countrymen today to follow blindly the advice which was so helpful in 1797 and is so harmful in 1932. "It would be ironic," says a recent editorial in a powerful newspaper, "if, in the year in which all America is paying homage to its greatest citizen, the advice of Washington on the conduct of our foreign relations should be flouted." To which it may be fairly replied, "How infinitely more ironic it would be to follow the advice, which, so far as our present circumstances are concerned, Washington never intended to give."

For, after all, Washington was not essentially an isolationist. He was, rather a cooperationist, when there was opportunity for cooperation on anything like a basis of equality. The historical evidence for this is abundant and striking. There were plenty of isolationists in Washington's day, but he was not one of them. Others feared to enter into a league of sovereign states and risk the curtailment of separate independence, but he actively supported such courageous cooperation. For instance, when Washington and other supporters of a league were proposing to bring order out of chaos by adopting the present Constitution of the United States, it was Patrick Henry, famed and patriotic son of Virginia, who roared in dismay that, "This government subjects everything to the Northern majority. We thus put unbounded power over our property into hands not having a common interest with us. Sir, this is a picture so horrid, so wretched, so dreadful, that I need no longer dwell upon it." Against this nightmare of Patrick Henry, it was Washington who directed soothing words and calm reasoning in the following persuasive letter, seeking to enlist Henry's support of the new League and Constitution.

"Your own judgment will at once discover," Washington wrote, "the good and the exceptional parts of it; and your experience of the difficulties which have ever arisen when attempts have been made to reconcile such a variety of interests and local prejudices

as pervade the several States, will render explanation unnecessary. I wish the Constitution which is offered, had been more perfect; but I sincerely believe it is the best that could be obtained at this time . . . From a variety of concurring accounts it appears to me that the political concerns of this country are in a manner suspended by a thread, and that the Convention has been looked up to by the reflecting part of the community with a solicitude which is hardly to be conceived; and, if nothing had been agreed upon by that body, anarchy would have ensued, the seeds being deeply sown in every soil."

Here we see the cooperationalist Washington energetically at work. When the time was ripe for his beloved homeland, the sovereign state of Virginia, to enter upon entangling alliances with the foreign states of Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, and the other ten, he boldly led her forward out of a traditional isolation and into that close cooperation which had become essential to the welfare and security of all. To be sure, Washington did, in the eighteenth century, advise that the infant United States of America avoid active participation in the quarrels of the adult and relatively gigantic nations of Europe. To assume from this, however, that he would advise a similar isolation for the adult and gigantic United States of the twentieth century, is to disregard altogether the established fact of his cooperative and progressive action in leading Virginia to enter the League of American Nations under the Covenant of 1787.

Another common misuse of the influence of Washington consists in quoting his words when they happen to reinforce the views of the quoter, but denying equal publicity to those words of his which antagonize such views. Thus, his warning against foreign entanglements is so often quoted as to be familiar to all, but his equally vigorous aversion to the rise of political parties is much less widely known. Many who urge us to follow his advice on foreign policy as perennially applicable and an evidence of Washington's almost superhuman prescience, would, in all candor, be forced to admit that his warning against political parties were almost absurd. However bad these parties may sometimes become, the almost universal experience of mankind has shown that they are as indispensable to popular government as the weather is to agriculture. Washington's failure to grasp this fact shows that his political intelligence had the usual human limitations, and that

his advice on public affairs should be, like that of other statesmen, subjected to critical examination.

Toward the major governmental problems of his time, nevertheless, Washington usually showed a competent liberalism, an attitude of hospitality toward changes, even fundamental ones, if they gave promise of general betterment. Largely the economic and political world he lived in was patterned after the systems of an earlier period: systems which were on the eve of fundamental modification or replacement. The economic system of his age and region was localism: the production of commodities by household industry, for sale in a nearby market; yet signs were multiplying that this system was soon to change, and that commodities would more and more be produced by machinery and factory labor, for sale in markets increasingly widespread and remote. The political system of his day was imperialism: the ruling of colonies by a mother country; yet many signs were evident which foretold a changed future, in which colonies would assert their right and determination to be ruled primarily each for its own welfare. So far from being hostile to these signs of change and readjustment, Washington showed an open-minded hospitality toward them. The progress of industrial and commercial capitalism he facilitated by friendly tariff and financial measures. The exchange of colonial for national status he promoted with unflagging zeal, even at the price of armed violence and rebellion. His face was steadfastly set toward a better economic and political future, and he dared to experiment with new and uncertain systems, namely, industrial capitalism and republican nationalism, when the old systems seemed no longer adequate to meet the needs and desires of a changing world.

It is this quality of open-minded hospitality toward economic and political experimentation that gives to the example of Washington an immediate significance in the year 1932. By this example we are urged, not necessarily to support the systems which he supported, but rather to maintain an open-minded hospitality toward experiments for their betterment. By way of illustration, in the following brief survey and criticism of the systems which dominate us today, an attempt is made to view our world of the twentieth century in somewhat the same spirit as that in which Washington seems to have viewed his world of the eighteenth.



## II

Largely the economic and political world of 1932 is patterned after two great systems: capitalism and nationalism. These systems have been tested by many generations. They proved measurably adequate for meeting the needs of the nineteenth century. The twentieth century, however, has subjected them to such unprecedented strains and stresses that their continuing adequacy is gravely doubted by many thoughtful persons. Their outright destruction would imply upheaval and catastrophe; their deflation and adaptation, however, need produce no such calamitous consequences.

The rational deflation of capitalism would leave almost unimpaired the great driving power of the urge to acquisitiveness, though it would transfer some of its present inordinate gains from the individual to the community. Capitalism has long displayed two conspicuous merits: a powerful stimulus to individual effort, and an enormous productivity. Alongside these, however, there have been two equally conspicuous faults: insecurity, taking the form of recurrent depressions within nations, and of tariff competitions and imperialistic wars among nations; and faulty distribution, in which selfish shrewdness rather than public service normally won disproportionally large rewards. The problem is, of course, to preserve these merits and to eliminate the faults; to reduce somewhat the competitive element and to enlarge the co-operative, to secure in the interest of the general welfare a better coordination of effort and reward, a more reliable continuity of employment: using toward these ends the unavoidable minimum of collective coercion, and preserving the maximum of individual initiative consistent with social health. This is a large order; so large, in fact, that anybody who proposes it, is likely to have several epithets hurled at him, the least offensive of which would probably be "impractical dreamer". Moreover, the technical task of making the necessary readjustments is obviously so complex and wide-reaching as to challenge, perhaps to dismay, the most competent. Certainly nothing more can be attempted here than an extremely general indication of the direction in which progress in this matter may be sought. To give at least a suggestion of something concrete and specific amid all this vagueness, I shall hazard three bits of advice for the ordinary citizen: first, stop

bellowing at Bolshevism and begin to study it; second, instead of merely fearing Fascism, examine carefully its advantages and limitations; third, judge our democratic-nationalistic-capitalistic system by its apparent adaptability to the needs of today and tomorrow rather than by its past achievements.

The deflation of nationalism, long overdue, seems more nearly possible and more urgently necessary today than heretofore, and the time is ripe to urge it frankly. The large share of an exaggerated nationalism in the present stalling of the world's economic machinery is now so evident that the sufferers, however jingoistic they may have been in the past, are at least somewhat disposed to listen to facts and reason. A few timely facts on which to base a more nearly sane reasoning about nationalism are the following:

The rampant nationalisms of 1914 caused the World War, one of whose malefactions is that colossal derangement of trade and finance which so greatly helped to produce the present world depression and dismay.

The haughty and alarmed nationalisms of the victors in that War, and the resentful nationalisms of the vanquished, effectively bar the establishment of any just and orderly security on which to rebuild the welfare of humanity.

National greed for exclusive economic advantage has cluttered up the world with tariff walls, thus denying major commercial benefits to all, in order to secure minor gains for a few.

The dogma, so widely and devoutly believed in today, that no nation can honorably tolerate limitations on its sovereignty, is a peculiarly malignant and provocative survival of ancient tribalism, offering only disaster to the closely knit civilization of our times.

The boastful assumption of unique excellence and unquestionable righteousness for one's own nation, as commonly fostered by the schools, the press, and the politicians of nearly all countries, makes peace precarious and war perennially imminent.

At critical moments, the wisdom of international statesmanship is futile and powerless in face of the fervor and fury of narrowly nationalistic patriotisms. According to the current phrase, "no government could survive" in Poland or Germany, for instance, which took a rational position toward the problem of the Polish Corridor and Danzig, or in Japan and China which viewed the vexatious Manchurian and Shanghai tangles in a judicial rather than a jingoistic manner. With a perfervid nationalism thus pass-

ing beyond rational guidance in any grave international emergency almost anywhere in the world, the safety, or even the survival, of our civilization is doubtful.

In the presence of these facts, thoughtful and courageous persons in every nation should lead a direct attack on that inflated nationalism which the twentieth century has inherited and cherished as one of its most precious prejudices. A deflated nationalism would not, of course, solve all our international problems immediately, but it seems to be an indispensable preliminary to their solution.

### III

It is, I believe, no fantastic presumption to claim that the influence of Washington's example is in accord with criticisms and proposals such as those just given. His support of industrial capitalism and republican nationalism in the eighteenth century carries no assurance that he would approve the continuance of these systems unchanged, if they seemed no longer adequate amid twentieth century conditions. What his example teaches is rather that a wise conservatism includes a watchful readiness to modify, or even to replace, outmoded institutions. It is highly desirable, moreover, that the mighty influence of Washington be rescued from those who are trying to exploit it wholly in the interest of reaction and a return to eighteenth century "normalcy". Patriotic celebrations in honor of national heroes, American and other, too often take on the character of exhortations either to stand pat where we now are, or else to go back to "the good old days", even though these very heroes we are lauding were active chiefly in leading on to better days ahead. It is a perverse and dangerous misuse of the memory of our pioneer statesmen to count them as upholders of the status quo. George Washington led armed revolt against the status quo, and his leading was forward toward the new, not backward toward the old. Now is the critical moment for emphasizing this fact. While all America is celebrating the bicentennial of his birth, let us send the challenge far and wide against those who misuse his name and fame as a shelter for outworn institutions and ideas. Surely Washington was of that number who courageously turned their backs upon the false securities of the past and ventured hopefully forth into the creative uncertainties of the future. The forward-looking Americans of

today have an indefeasible right to claim him as their spiritual ancestor, and to invoke his blessing on their constructive efforts to rescue our common country and our common world by moving courageously forward amid the many and grievous perils which impend.

*by Sherry Mangan*

## AMATORY DISQUISITION

In this garden of indelicate shadows  
up between us sweet it rises,  
mocking spirit of our love.

Thus we stand. The moon surmises  
sundry improprieties.

The seven snakes in purple coats  
enter to our cognizance.

We have reaped our father's oats.

Enter into peace with me:  
put away the final knives  
using which we strive to scale  
the façades of each other's lives,  
hacking out the desperate holds.

Sweet, my asking cannot be  
such as would expect a bride.

Still, let the wind comfort thee.



by L. C. Hartley

## WE CALL UPON HUGH WALPOLE

THE owner of the principal book shop in Keswick is a be-whiskered little man who knew the late Professor Knight intimately and who can talk with authority about Wordsworth and Southey. His shop is in the finest tradition of book shops: it is slightly musty, very intimate, and it gives no impression of too scrupulous obeisance to the god of order.

We had been talking casually about an edition of Wordsworth, and I had ended the matter by proffering a bank note and by tucking the volume under my left arm. The temptation had been too great to resist.

"And you *must* see this!" the tempter said, producing a leather-bound volume with the very fine dexterity of one well versed in necromancy.

I did not look at the title; I merely mumbled something about being proof against being ensnared by morocco and fine paper. My remark, however, was not sufficient to insure my resistance against what I considered at the moment to be further attack. I soon found myself standing before a front window which had been arranged after the approved methods of American book shops as a display of the novels of Hugh Walpole, with special morocco editions of *Rogue Herries* featured. The window display was distinctly an innovation, and my bewhiskered friend was beaming with evident pride. It did not take me long to understand that the leather-bound book had been produced not with the idea of making a sale but with the purpose of showing me that the Romantic poets no longer had a monopoly either on expensive bindings or on the esteem of the natives of Keswick! And I was more than ever convinced that it would be stupid to leave the Lake District without making a desperate attempt, if need be, to see Mr. Walpole.

Jamie and I chose a fine June morning for our circumambulation of Derwentwater. We took a path bordered with foxglove to Lodore, where we stopped long enough to see the thin trickle

of water about the importance of which Southey and Baedeker have long disagreed. At High Lodore we decided upon a short-cut across the marsh to Manesty. The decision was not the happiest one; for we were forced to spend much time crossing ramshackle bridges, struggling with ooze, and following winding cow-paths before we reached the Portinscale road and a gate, where we inquired of a disabled veteran the way to Brackenburn.

Brackenburn is on the west side of the lake, five or six miles from Keswick. It is by no means a pretentious estate. In fact, if we had not seen many photographs of it in Keswick shop windows and if we had not had rather specific directions from the gate-keeper, we should probably have missed it. The house, tucked away in the hill side, is a low, box-like stone affair that was designed evidently with the sole idea of being sedate and comfortable. There is nothing about it that suggests temperament, or "atmosphere", or even a great deal of individuality. Like the Herries pride—on may feel, obviously straining the comparison a little—it is built on two magnificent foundations: England and Common Sense. But its sedateness is by no means forbidding, and the charm of the place is not in the least dependent upon such a very superficial thing as architecture. Its lawn is a generous wave of the unbelievable green that is the priceless gift of English rains, and its grounds are bright with flowers. Best of all is the view that it commands: a fringe of the tree tops of Manesty Park, the sparkle of Derwentwater and Castlerigg and Bleaerry Fells in the distance.

A snaggle-toothed gardener with bushy hair like a Yorkshire farmer hesitatingly took my card and the shilling that accompanied it. He looked quizzically first at the card and then at the shilling. Evidently he was not used to having the duties of a butler thrust upon him, and he did not reason quickly enough to understand that a stranger might be reluctant to enter private grounds with any degree of boldness. Since Brackenburn is a quiet and relatively inaccessible place, visitors are not a real problem. I explained that the card was for Mr. Walpole and hinted that the shilling had potentialities of being converted into stout at the nearest pub.

The gardener disappeared in the direction of the house. He returned almost before Jamie, whose becoming shyness Oxford had slightly intensified, had time to voice his misgivings on the subject of calling without a letter of introduction. The gardener's

broad smile needed no interpretation. The master of Brackenburn would be glad to see us.

We found Mr. Walpole on the terrace. From the very first there was evident about the man an easy cordiality that was disarming. We forgot immediately that we were rank intruders. We forgot to be self-conscious about our shoes, muddy from our tramp over the marsh; our disheveled walking clothes; and our pockets bulging with sandwiches prepared for us at our hotel against starvation before tea time. We were perfectly at home with a broad shouldered man who wore grey flannels and a light woolen sack coat, and whose smile was genuine.

With the genial face, the sandy hair, and the inevitable shell-rimmed spectacles we had long been familiar. Photographs in newspapers and magazines had served excellently, for Mr. Walpole has long had the ability—a matter of no little importance—of photographing well. Maturity has naturally had a tendency to harden some of the lines of his boyish face, but there clings to him a youthfulness that even the awe-inspiring distinction of being an established English novelist cannot take away from him. His serenity and poise are not the earmarks of one for whom success has been won easily, nor are they worn too obviously. Even now it is not impossible to visualize him as the discouraged boy whose tears elicited the sympathy and advice of Miss Ethel Mayne one day not too many years ago in the reading room of the British Museum.

On the terrace the conversation ran along in a most informal sort of way. I was in no sense of the word an interviewer; I had no pad; I had no set of questions to ask; I expected no weighty pronouncement on the future of literature in a decaying British Empire. Even if I had been an interviewer, I should have realized that Mr. Walpole is the sort of person who reveals himself best when he is not being catechized. Moreover, he is the kind of person who may very deftly create the feeling that he is not the center of the conversation at all, but an interested listener.

Like a perfect host he at first took evident pains to keep the conversation away from himself. He was interested most of all in our little tramps about the Lake District. Question followed question. It is not possible to believe that his questions were merely an attempt to make conversation; they were too charmingly spontaneous, and they revealed too keen an enthusiasm for the

part of England that he is rapidly making his own. The questions were followed by suggestions for additional walking tours. We should not miss quaint Penrith or Hawkshead, and we should see Ullswater and Wastwater and Buttermere. In short, this whole enchanting country from Kendal to Carlisle was crammed with tarns and lakes and hills that were never-failing in their challenge to one who could thrill to adventure. It was easy to see—as it had been easy to see in *Rogue Herries*—that Mr. Walpole had found in the Lake District a new sort of beauty—the sort of beauty that the Romanticists were inclined to miss. If one is steeped in descriptive poetry of the Lake District written prior to 1850, one may feel that the beauty of the region is entirely idyllic. One may have a tendency to visualize rolling hills and crystal brooks, quiet Grasmere with its lake and island, and Keswick, a lovely village dominated by Skiddaw, sitting like a symbol of British complacency, solidity, and middle-class comfort. To Mr. Walpole the vision is a more virile and dynamic one. This is not merely a land of placid lakes and green hills and pastoral calm; but it is also one of bareness and scars and restless energy. No less today than in the day of Francis Herries is Cumberland a land of contrast, mystery, and movement. There is a never-ending succession of shadows falling boldly athwart the light, continually changing “colours . . . laid out in patters on the rocks,” tarns of black lacquer, purple hummocks, and silver hills. That Mr. Walpole has mastered the geography of the region there can be no doubt; and this mastery has given him a deep love for the Lake District that has made perfectly natural his desertion of London and “Polchester” for the country of the Herrieses.

A conversation on a terrace is likely to prove peripatetic. At least, this one did. We soon found ourselves strolling through the garden.

“Should you by any chance like to see my workshop?” Mr. Walpole asked as we approached a second stone structure some thirty or forty yards from the house.

The “work shop” is in reality a very luxurious study situated on the second story of a building the ground floor of which is given over to servants’ quarters and a garage. To reach it we passed through a beautiful and well-stocked library and climbed a short flight of narrow stairs. The spacious room that we now entered possesses all the requisites of an ideal study. It is infinitely quiet,



and a bar on the door to the narrow stairway effectively shuts out the world. But it is no anchorite's cell. Nature gives it two of its most superb pieces of decoration: an east window frames an exquisite view of Derwentwater, while a north window provides a prospect of Cat Bells and Brandelhow. In addition, there are in the room luxurious divans, comfortable chairs, shaded lamps, book shelves, and tables bearing *objets d'art* of various kinds. The one business-like thing that comes to one's attention is a heavy mahogany desk, at which most of Mr. Walpole's writing is done.

But in spite of the desk, there is really nothing in the room that gives any adequate suggestion of the amount of work that comes out of it. Since Mr. Walpole made his first real success with *Fortitude*, he has produced novels steadily. He has never, however, overstepped the delicate boundary line between steady production and overwriting; and he has never allowed his writing to stand for any appreciable length of time in the way of his broad contacts with the world at large. His energy has been truly amazing. For years he has interlarded his novel-production with lecture tours and critical work. Here and there he has found time to write a biography. He has never neglected to read widely and well. And yet he has always been able to give the impression of being a gentleman of the greatest leisure. Since he has made his home in Keswick, he has been engaged in work on his chronicle of the Herries family. The undertaking has necessarily involved much rather arduous research. Yet Mr. Walpole is so indefatigable that he can take a holiday between the publication of *Rogue Herries* and the beginning of work on *Judith Paris*, the second of the trilogy, tetralogy, by tossing off with the greatest of nonchalance a novel like *Above the Dark Tumult*.

At one end of the study is a miniature art gallery that is worthy of attention. Although Mr. Walpole is known to be a man of catholic tastes, it is not, I believe, generally known that he is an enthusiastic collector of modern art. His collection is small, but his pictures indicate a marked understanding of the most significant modern movements in painting.

"This is one of my favorites," he said, pointing to a study of two red-headed girls done in the manner of the earlier Picasso. "I can classify my friends according to whether or not they like it!"

Inviting us to sink into one of the soft divans, he allowed the

conversation to modulate from Picasso and Matisse to the theatre. Although he had never written for the stage, he stated, the drama had always been fascinating to him. About the American theatre there were many things, great and small, that interested him: What influence would talking pictures have on the legitimate stage? Did Miss Cornell's excel the splendid London cast of *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*? Did the production of such propaganda plays as *Roar China* and *Precedent* foreshadow the rise of the American theatre as a potent social force?

The discussion broadened to include American literature in general; and Mr. Walpole uttered a few well-chosen platitudes that were not platitudes at all because he, an Englishman, said them. Of American literature's coming of age there could no longer be any doubt. The award of the Nobel Prize to Sinclair Lewis rather definitely settled the matter. But his own praise went not so much to Mr. Lewis as to Willa Cather as the outstanding genius in the American novel. He, furthermore, looked upon the literary renaissance of the South as a most inspiring influence in American literature. He knew and admired the South Carolina regionalists, DuBose Heyward and Mrs. Peterkin; and he had high praise for Miss Ellen Glasgow and Miss Elizabeth Madox Roberts. The first novel of Thomas Wolfe he had found highly promising.

Without thinking, I suggested Hemingway.

"But Hemingway can no longer be called young or promising," he laughed. "He's a mature artist and almost as old as I!"

Then I knew that he had wanted me to say Faulkner—in fact, that he had been somewhat surprised that I, a Southerner, had not said Faulkner.

This delightful causerie might have continued almost indefinitely. Although we realized that Mr. Walpole's generosity with his time might easily be imposed upon, we had no notion of doing so. We rose to go.

"So you are moving to Grasmere tomorrow, and you are interested in Wordsworth?" said our host. (This information he had gleaned from our conversation on the terrace.) "I should like to give you a letter of introduction to Gordon Wordsworth, a nephew of the poet," he continued. "He has some priceless unpublished letters that you shouldn't fail to see!"

The master of Brackenburn bade us good-bye at the garden gate.

by Alan Calmer

## JOHN DOS PASSOS

MANY of the younger American novelists continue to ignore the problems of industrialism. John Dos Passos is an outstanding exception to this general tendency. In many respects he is the black sheep of his generation. Almost alone he has confronted the perplexing situations in industrial society which confront all of us today. Not only does he deal with these questions in his books, but he approaches them with a definite point of view, with a social philosophy which gives a distinct direction to all of his work. Again, although there are a number of strictly literary qualities in Dos Passos' writings, his books represent an attempt to bridge the gulf between bookish literature, designed only for the specialist, and a robust literature, embedded in social and political issues, written for the general reader. Of the older men, only Upton Sinclair strives to attain this general position, and he is an inferior artist.

### I

Not only did the War inspire Dos Passos to write his first novels, but his experience in the world conflict was one of the determining factors in changing the whole direction of his life. After graduating from Harvard in 1916, he began to study architecture. But the war spirit hovered about, and Dos Passos was off to France with the Norton Harjes Volunteer Service in 1917. The following year he was with the Red Cross in Italy, and later served as a buck private in the U. S. Army Medical Corps. As Dos Passos has expressed it, it took only a few weeks of war to shake off "the corrupting influence" of Harvard and to set him at grips with the really basic problems of life. In other words, the war had exactly the opposite effect upon him that it had upon the other men of his generation. Whereas it left them demoralized, full of bitterness and despair, it aroused in him a sense of social injustice which became the guiding influence in his work.

Dos Passos's early war experiences furnish the background for his first book—*One Man's Initiation*, 1917. The protagonist, Mar-

tin Howe, is an ambulance driver in France. Through this character we get a moving, impressionistic picture of typical war incidents. As a novel, however, it is a rather poor volume. It is sketchy, fragmentary, episodic. It is worthy of comment chiefly because it illustrates two prominent characteristics which are present in all of Dos Passos's works. The first—his fondness for color—is noticeable just as soon as one has turned a few page of the book:

Opposite in the last topaz-clear rays of the sun, the foliage of the Jardin du Luxembourg shone bright green above deep alleys of bluish shadow. From the pavement in front of the mauve-coloured houses rose little kiosks with advertisements in bright orange and vermillion and blue. In the middle of the triangle formed by the streets and the garden was a round pool of jade water.

The second—his interest in radicals—is revealed in the closing scenes of the book when Martin encounters a group of French soldiers who talk of social revolution and are wiped out in battle.

*One Man's Initiation* should be considered as a scrapbook for its author's second volume. *Three Soldiers* (1921), together with E. E. Cummings's *The Enormous Room* and Ernest Hemingway's *A Farewell to Arms*, are the only outstanding World War books written by Americans. This is in striking contrast to recent English literature. A large number of important English writers have contributed to this field. The list runs from Mottram's *Spanish Farm* trilogy and Ford Madox Ford's tetralogy, to Sassoon's *Memoirs*, Blunden's *Undertones of War*, Grave's *Goodbye to All That*, Aldington's *Death of a Hero*, Tomlinson's *All Our Yesterdays*, O'Flaherty's *Return of the Brute*, etc. Of course England was more severely affected by the actual conflict; yet a number of Dos Passos's contemporaries were on the front at one time or another—Louis Bromfield, Malcolm Cowley, Ernest Hemingway, E. E. Cummings, Slater Brown, William Faulkner, Sidney Howard, Paul Green, Hervey Allen, Thomas Beer, Edmund Wilson, Archibald MacLeish, etc. Nevertheless, with the exception of the three we have mentioned, American writers have evaded this theme.

In addition to being one of the really mature novels that have come out of the War, *Three Soldiers* is also a mature piece of work both in style and in execution. From this volume to his very



latest book, Dos Passos has shown that he is a master at recording the characters and conversation of contemporary life. No one can deny that the characters in *Three Soldiers* are carefully sketched: Dan Fuselli, who was going to work hard and become a corporal, who licked his superiors' boots and remained a lowly private; Chris, who never had much schoolin' and who killed his "lootenant"; John Andrews, the intellectual who sought forgetfulness in degradation and found both degradation and forgetfulness in the discipline of the army. These characters are drawn with a splendid objective realism which reveals a marked indebtedness to the novels of Flaubert.

It is well worth noting that John Andrews is a thoroughly unbookish intellectual. He does not obtain a commission, but enters the army as a buck private. His friends are not intellectuals but a clerk from Frisco and a farm hand from Indiana. The description of army discipline and the treatment inflicted upon Andrews in the American prison camp to which he is unjustly sent are further illustrations of the major themes which are trumpeted throughout Dos Passos's works.

## II

The three travel books which Dos Passos has written are not merely travel books but contributions to the body of literature. He has taken a form of writing which has strayed from literature and has brought it back, while still retaining its aliveness.

*Rosinante to the Road Again* (1922) is a definite study of modern Spain. It tells the story of the journey of Telemachus and Lyaeus from Madrid to Toledo in search of a gesture. Between the glimpses we get of them on this strange quest are scattered a number of essays on Spain: on its people, its national character, its geography, its painters, poets, novelists, philosophers, its theatres, dances, bazaars, funerals—and its awakening radicalism. Telemachus finally discovers his gesture in the movement of a mischievous senorita who drenches him with a bucket of water!

*A Pushcart at the Curb* (1922) is principally a poetic transcript of things seen through southern Europe, although it also includes a few poems on New York. It is full of brilliant scenes and roadside reveries. Its manner is excellently illustrated by the title poem:

My verse is no upholstered chariot  
 Gliding oil-smooth on oiled wheels,  
 No swift and shining modern limousine,  
 But a pushcart, rather.

A crazy, creaking pushcart, hard to push  
 Round corners, slung on shaky patchwork wheels,  
 That jolts and jumbles over the cobblestones  
 Its very various lading:

A lading of Spanish oranges, Smyrna figs,  
 Fly-specked apples, perhaps of the Hesperides,  
 Curious fruits of the Indies, pepper-sweet . . .  
 Stranger, choose and taste.

As Malcolm Cowley has remarked, *Orient Express*—which was published five years later, but which is a product of the same period—promises to be one of the enduring literary works of our time. It contains some of the finest descriptive passages in contemporary American prose. And they are not merely isolated passages; one follows another smoothly and without effort. Dos Passos has the eye of a landscape painter; no color or engaging detail escapes him. He has always displayed a genuine ability at depicting physical objects. His fondness for color was over-done in his earliest volume; but Dos Passos has disciplined his talents in this direction, so that even in a volume like *Orient Express*, which is almost completely a sheer descriptive composition, he employs commendable restraint.

Books of travel in America today are either offsprings of the purely factual guide books popularized by Karl Baedeker in the middle of the nineteenth century, or else they are volumes designed for popular consumption, such as records of polar explorations or anecdotal tales of adventurers. Scarcely any of our contemporary men of letters have written any studies in this field. This neglect seems to be due partly to the disrepute into which such books have fallen in literary circles today, for many of the important figures in earlier American literary history—Cooper, Irving, Hawthorne, Thoreau, Twain, Howells, James—have contributed to this genre. Even some of the travel books by these literary masters represent little more than mere “journalizing,” as Hawthorne admitted in his *French and Italian Notebooks*. Ordinarily the enduring contributions to literature have contained the element of travel only in a secondary sense, like *A Sentimental Journey*. *Orient Express*, on the other hand, is a creative compo-

sition based upon sheer descriptive writing, and is a masterpiece of this form of literary art.

There is something of the spirit of the restless wanderer not only in Dos Passos's travel books but in all of his writings. This is also characteristic of his life, for he seems always to have been an indefatigable traveller. Like the more than semi-biographical character of Hugo Bamman in Edmund Wilson's novel, *I Thought of Daisy*, Dos Passos is always off for some distant place. Indeed, a psychoanalyst would immediately conclude that this nomadic tendency has affected even the method of narration in all of Dos Passos's books, the sense of multitude, the sense of ceaseless coming and going which is present in *Airways, Inc.* and *Manhattan Transfer* as well as in *Orient Express*.

### III

In the three volumes we have just considered Dos Passos has brought a popular form back to literature. In his two unpublished plays and his scattered essays on the theatre he has tried to bring a literary form back to a popular audience. His efforts in this direction represent one of the few attempts to revitalize our rapidly dying drama. In a postscript to *The Garbage Man: A Parade with Shouting* (1926) he explains something of his position. The play was originally presented by the Harvard Dramatic Club under the direction of Edward Massey. To the latter the author attributes the musical-comedy method in which the play was produced. As Dos Passos states, this version was important as representing an effort "to bridge the horrible chasm between the 'serious' play that takes itself seriously and thinks it's *art* and the regular Broadway show that everybody is ashamed of, but that manages to keep a houseful of people sitting straight up in their seats from eight-thirty to eleven-thirty six nights a week."

In such a fusion lies the hope of rejuvenating the American theatre. From the vigor and showmanship of jazz music, burlesque, vaudeville, night club entertainment, farce, melodrama, and musical comedy, but expressing the side of life which the musical comedies never touch, should come a new American drama. It must draw its nourishment from the social background of our time and depict the struggles of the industrial and white collar masses. The theatre as we know it today, says Dos Passos, is

still in the age of gas lamps and buggies. It must break decisively from the present day tradition; it must abolish the whole scale of ideas associated with the bourgeois drama—from the purely mechanical structures such as the picture-frame stage, to its actual subject-matter, the petty lives of bourgeois individuals.

*The Garbage Man* and *Airways, Inc.* do not represent the achievement of this dramatic theory, but they are steps in the right direction. The first is a semi-fantastical play in which the symbolic figure of death appears in many guises—as *The Family Practitioner*, *The Man in Black Overalls*, *The Man in the Stovepipe Hat*, and finally as *The Garbage Man*—each time to carry off some victim. The play begins promisingly but piles up into a bewildering motley of events, and ends upon a sweet romantic note:

*Tom.* Where are we going?

*Jane.* Somewhere very high. Where the wind is sheer whiteness.

*Tom.* With nothing but the whirl of space in our faces. All sorts of scraps of song motifs are thrown in, characters waltz and fox-trot across the stage, and gongs, whistles and sirens contribute their humble but effective roles. These are all very interesting experiments, but they do not come off; the play has color and movement, but lacks integration.

*Airways, Inc.* (1928), which was produced by the *New Playwrights Theatre*, is a more disciplined and successful project. Its characters include many of the outstanding types in contemporary industrial society: Dad Turner, failure; the Professor, an old revolutionist; Elmer, the only successful member of the Turner family; Martha, the conciliatory sister who is in love with Walter Goldberg, a labor leader; the gin-seeking younger generation; the big business men . . . The play develops into a moving tragedy of the modern industrial age: Dad commits suicide, the police force the strikers to riot, the professor is clubbed, Walter is framed, and Elmer crashes. This is America.

#### IV

If Dos Passos is an accomplished craftsman at the forms of writing we have described, all of these efforts are surpassed by his later novels. *Manhattan Transfer* holds a high place in American



fiction; while *The 42nd Parallel*, when it is completed, seems likely to attain a similar position in American literature.

*Manhattan Transfer* (1925) is a novel of present day New York. It catches the spirit and essence of Manhattan. Characters cross its pages ceaselessly; they seem to come haphazardly, without any definite purpose or intention; yet they cross each other's lives and meet life's tragedies with all of the inevitableness of reality. They are picked up here and there, pass out of the road of the narrative just as casually, return again, merge with the lives of other characters, pass out again just as effortlessly. Like all of Dos Passos's books, this novel is filled with a sense of multitude, an atmosphere of crowds and chaos, a sensation of ceaseless coming and going, which is the very incarnation of the life of a great metropolis. Despite this disjunctive method of narration, the novel is rather carefully constructed. The first section deals principally with the older generation and the early lives of the more or less younger people who meet in the succeeding sections of the novel. The innumerable threads of the story are neatly interwoven as the novel progresses, until almost all of the characters meet in one way or another. They can all be glimpsed in a series of brief alternating scenes which give the impression of a movie-like panorama, a roving camera eye which seems to follow the stream of life itself.

If *Manhattan Transfer* is the novel of New York, *The 42nd Parallel* (1930) promises to become an epic of contemporary America. It selects a larger canvas and a correspondingly larger and more difficult task; the story is continued in Dos Passos's novel, 1919, in which the general plan of the story becomes clearer; and the work as a whole may be finally judged when the third and final volume is completed.

*The 42nd Parallel*, however, deserves our attention at once for the mechanical innovations which it introduces. Dos Passos showed us first, in the proverbial manner, that he could write outstanding novels. His abilities are displayed not only in *Three Soldiers* but in *Streets of Night* (1923) which is a scrupulously sketched portrait of New England sex frustration and of a sensitive and idealistic type of youth that has been erased by industrial civilization. Nancibel and Fanshaw and Wendell are anachronisms today, but they are frantically preserved in a style that is as beautifully pristine and restrained as their lives must have been.

Even *Manhattan Transfer*, which was so obviously experimental, took many of its cues from Joyce, as in the use of joined words. The prose poems which preface each chapter is perhaps a more interesting experiment; they are so excellently constructed as to form a background for the events of the story, and together they constitute an impressionistic movie of Manhattan.

But it is in *The 42nd Parallel* that Dos Passos makes several radical contributions to the technique of the novel. Separating (1) the blocks of narrative depicting the lives of the five principal characters are placed (2a) Newsreels, which include snatches of popular songs, headlines from the newspapers, and excerpts from famous speeches of the day—in short, a *history* of the period in which the novel is placed; (2b) Biographies of the leading men of the period; and (3) The Camera Eyes, which consist of episodes in the life of the narrator at the time the story was being enacted. We have then (1) episodes from the life of the author recounted at first hand; (2) actual events obtained from second hand sources; and (3) the fictitious story. This method definitely places and embeds the narrative in a specific and actual period of history and gives it authenticity as a social chronicle rather than a mere piece of fiction.

## V

There are radicals in all of Dos Passos's volumes—even in his travel books. Perhaps the most memorable are the French soldiers in *One Man's Initiation*; Walter Goldberg, the labor leader, in *Airways, Inc.*; and Mac, the wobbly, in *The 42nd Parallel*. These are no accidental and purposeless selections of characters. Dos Passos is the most important American man of letters who has been identified with the radical movement. He is not stifled by reactionary philosophies like Southern Agrarianism or New England Humanism. His approach to contemporary problems is a progressive one, and it has lent vigor to his writings. It has enabled him to confront modern industrial civilization and to grapple with it, even though—as Granville Hicks has correctly indicated—he, too, has felt the desire to retreat from its devastating problems.

Whenever there is a strike or similar occurrence, Dos Passos is almost sure to be around, and he occasionally gives us some fine industrial reporting which only the radical presses will publish.

His message to young American writers should provoke a good deal of thoughtful consideration:

The woods are full of young men who have enough sense of human value, who have in their veins enough of the blood of those who don't cash in, to be pretty good writers; it seems a shame that instead of picking up the easy garbage of European belletristic small-talk, they don't try harder to worm their way in among the really conflicting events and personalities that are molding lives . . . It's about time that American writers showed up in the industrial field where something is really going on, instead of tackling the tattered strawmen of art and culture.

As far back as 1916 Dos Passos had directed attention to the fact that not only was American literature a rootless product lacking the folklore-tradition which all older literatures possessed, but that an "all-enveloping industrialism" had destroyed the possibilities of such a tradition arising in America. In his characteristic manner Dos Passos looks, therefore, to the present and the future for his inspiration, rather than to the past. He believes that a dynamic American literature can be created out of the new problems which industrialism brings.

The way events are shaping themselves today seems to indicate that American letters will not follow the paths which the post-war generation followed. It seems safe to say that our literature will not continue in the directions blazed by our expatriates, our isolates, our Humanists, or our Agrarians. It is more likely that the rising generation will look to the work of men like Dos Passos for their literary guidance.

by Herman Schnurer

## ALFRED JARRY

IT was at the time when Mallarmé, in all seriousness, published a book entitled *Divagations*; when literary societies bore names like the *Hirsutes*, and the *Zutists*<sup>1</sup>; when obscurity had become a great quality in writing; and when stringing the public—*épater le bourgeois*—was the greatest sport of all. To remind us of the spirit of the period, we still have the Alphonse Allais' inimitable yarns, which the story about the delicatessen mine discovered in the province of Quebec is a representative and joyous example.

It was then, in 1896, that Alfred Jarry's play, *Ubu Roi*, was produced at the Théâtre de l'Oeuvre. Lugné-Poe, a high-minded director, was fond of innovations and of experiments. He was partial to symbolic pieces and to foreign ones (Ibsen, Shaw Maeterlink); at times he took a chance on a play that was simply bizarre. Such was this *Ubu Roi*. Some critics took it seriously and read all sorts of profound ideas into it. There is always a crew of inspired initiates who rant and rave over what they understand least: that is the exclamatory school of criticism. These gentlemen wrote about the symbolic significance of Papa Ubu, one-time Ubu Rex, potentate of Poland. To them, the figure was synonymous with bureaucratic greed, vanity, and imbecility. The curious thing about it all is that this derived Ubu, the creature of the critics, became a type, like Flaubert's *Homais*, like Monnier's *Monsieur Prudhomme*, like Sinclair Lewis' *Babbitt*. Through no fault of Jarry's, this shadow developed a tenacious life and is in very flourishing health today.

Now the original farce is innocent of anything like a coherent piece of satire. It is literally a school boy's elucubration; it was born in a provincial high school. To us, it is interesting chiefly because of the light it throws on the conduct of Jarry after the performance of the piece. Papa Ubu, the hero (?), is an enormously fat creature who waddles around the stage with a pear-

<sup>1</sup>From *zut!*, a slang expression signifying raspberries, used as an interjection, not as a noun.



shaped<sup>1</sup> cardboard mask over his entire head. His favorite pastime is assassinating his many enemies by means of "the chariot of phynances". (Don't try to understand.) He delivers himself of horrific oaths and of all the bad words which delight adolescents on a rampage; the first utterance that greets the spectator is Colonel Cambronne's expression of Waterloo fame. From time to time Ubu issues a solemn official statement worthy of immortality:

A great county, Poland. If there were no Poland, there would be no Poles.

The whole effect of the show was to shock, to startle, to mystify. Jarry suddenly found himself in the public eye, befriended by unusual men (Mirbeau, Paul Fort, Guillaume Apollinaire, etc.) and dubbed with a reputation which never left him; or, more exactly, with a reputation which he never wanted to leave: thenceforth he was *un fumiste*. Ask a Frenchman what that means and he will shrug his shoulders: a grown-up man, whose grave and solemn pursuit, whose only pursuit in life, is the perpetration of literary pranks, is not easy to describe.

"His antics, his smallest actions, everything in him, was literary," says Apollinaire with a great deal of shrewdness. Jarry belongs to that odd class of men whose conduct is subordinated to their æsthetics. André Maurois speaks of Flaubert's notion of the real writer: a person to whom experience has no meaning except as a happening to write about. That, precisely, is the constant thought in Somerset Maugham's character, the novelist Ashendon. One could multiply these examples. As a matter of fact, in the case of a Byron, of a Jarry, there is even more than the subordination of conduct to a literary conception; their very conduct is literary, to use Apollinaire's accurate phrase.—What, for instance, was Byron doing during the funeral of Shelley and Williams? Here was tragedy in its most brutal form. These two men, mutilated by the fishes, horrible to behold, were about to be cremated. According to Trelawney, Byron asked for Williams' skull:

Hold, let me see the jaw. I can recognize any one by the teeth with whom I have talked [*sic*]. I always watch the lips and the mouth; they tell me what the tongue and eyes try to conceal.

<sup>1</sup>The pear, in slang, symbolizes mental vacuity.

Each man to his speciality. Byron took to melodrama and Jarry to mystification.

To the end of his days, Jarry retained the mannerisms and the speech typical of Ubu Rex. In taverns, at literary receptions, at banquets—everywhere, even on his deathbed, he identified himself with his own creation. Jarry always spoke in the kingly first person plural. He swore, like the pear-headed monarch, and “cornegidouille”—whatever that means—was his favorite expletive. He said “monsieuye” instead of “monsieur,” “oneille” instead of “oreille,” “tuder” instead of “tuer.” He separated his words into staccato syllables and his delivery had something strangely mechanical in it. André Gide, who specializes in odd specimens, gives a masterly description of that voice in the *Counterfeiters*, in which Jarry appears as a character. “Flat, toneless, without any stress, warmth or timbre”, the sound that issues from this human automaton causes a vague feeling of disquietude in those who listen to him. The Robots must have spoken like that.

It is not the first time that an author was made into another man by his own book. A Rousseau, a Clarkson, a Tolstoi are striking examples of the same phenomenon. Often a pamphlet, a thesis, an essay, may act like children grown too strong for their parents. A time comes when the offspring do the correcting, the ordering, the suppressing. But in these men (Tolstoi, etc.) there is a religious, or an ethical, urge. Kidding the public cannot very well be raised to the status of a cult. Why that impulse remained so constant in Jarry is a mystery. He was not crazy. He was far from being unintelligent—a half dozen competent observers assure us of that. He derived no financial gains from his antics. It was apparently a case of mystification for the sake of mystification.

In the *Counterfeiters*, Jarry appears at a banquet held by a group of æsthetes who call themselves the Argonauts. He stands up on a table, whips out a pistol and points it at one of the men present. Noise, confusion, hysteria. The pistol is loaded with blank cartridges. The incident might well have happened. It recalls a real episode. Jarry was always taking shots at bottles, tin cans, and so forth. One summer, he was indulging in this pastime on Madame Rachilde's property in the country. Their neighbor, a very conventional woman who was scandalized by Jarry's dilapidated appearance, took this pretext to protest franti-

cally. She claimed that Jarry endangered the lives of her children. His answer has been quoted numberless times:

"Qu'à cela ne tienne, Ma-da-me, nous vous en ferons d'autres." Which promise to help her beget other children didn't seem to satisfy the lady.

He always launched into elaborate and fantastic descriptions of the queer things he claimed to eat and drink. His favorite beverage, he was wont to say, consisted of equal portions of absinthe and vinegar, plus a few drops of red ink. He informed his friends that his customary meal consisted of raw lamb chops and pickles.

His talk, his accent, his shoes (they varied from patent leather to women's footwear, buttons and all), everything became simply a means of attracting attention, at all costs. Urged by his sincere friends to express his originality in writing, poor Jarry wrote things like *The Deeds and Words of Doctor Faustroll, Pataphysician*, the second series of which is concluded by the author's statement that the work will be published when the writer himself will understand it. It is clear that the vein of Ubu Rex was to stay to the end.

I have already said that his writing didn't feed him. He died at the age of thirty-four, "of squalor, alcoholism and tuberculosis", says Paul Souday. (The odds were rather against him.) Just before the finish, Dr. Jean Saltas, a close friend of Jarry's, asked the poor bohemian if there was anything he desired. There was.

"I want a toothpick."

The doctor went down and brought him a whole box. Jarry picked them up and died with a beatific smile on his face. If the yarn is true, it was not unsuited to this *fumiste* whose whole existence was a series of gestures.

*by Eugene M. Kayden*

## ON THE DEATH OF GOETHE

At the last, death covered the face of the eagle,  
His snow-white imperial head;  
The labors concluded, the uttermost, highest,—  
The doer now sleeps with the dead . . . .  
O weep, not for him, the exalted and brave!  
Nor pity the brain mouldering in the grave!

He died! But the living with lightning and music  
Move in his reverberant art;  
All that he had loved of their yearning, their anguish,  
Their movement, he mused in his heart.  
His fancy encircled dominion and time,  
And fused in the formless an order sublime,

One Essence eternal. The craft of the maker,  
The wisdom of prophet and sage,  
Tradition, clear purposes, men's adoration,  
All splendor from age unto age,  
Sustained him who pondered mankind in his soul—  
The prince in his palace, the wretch in his hole.



A life all of Nature, his voice in her thunder  
From ocean to murmuring pine,  
He heard the impalpable swell of the river,  
The glowing green rush of the vine.  
Man, woman, he proved in the scales of his mind;  
He looked in the deeps of the stars; star and wind

And sea he heard sounding across from the sunset....  
And if all-encompassing night  
Consume in corruption our fugitive moment  
So fitful, so panting for light,  
Our coming and going the primary clod,—  
Then his death, even so, will justify God.

But if a new brightness awaits on our dying,  
Then he, incorruptible! who  
In truth and perfection the scheme of things earthly  
Revealed in his verses anew,  
Lives in the Eternal, and watches above,  
Not vexed by our folly, the earth of his love.

*by John Lane Fenton*

## AN INDIAN THEME

BLACK ELK SPEAKS. By John G. Neihardt. William Morrow and Company.  
\$3.75.

"A long time ago . . . there was a Lakota holy man, called Drinks Water. He dreamed that the four-leggeds were going back to the earth and that a strange race had woven a spider's web all around the Lakotas. And he said: 'When this happens, you shall live in square gray houses, in a barren land, and beside those square gray houses you shall starve.' They say he went back to Mother Earth soon after he saw this vision, and it was sorrow that killed him."

Here is the story of the weaving of that web: of the battles, murders, and broken treaties by which white men dispossessed the Sioux and crowded them into ever-shrinking reservation. It is told simply, by one who resisted with prayers and bullets, and to whom was left the sorrowful task of becoming spiritual leader of a fallen people.

Black Elk was a child of three when his father was wounded in a fight to keep white prospectors from the Black Hills. His youth was spent amid fights and battles; at the age of nine, he experienced a vision which outlined the coming trials of his people and the means by which he might lead them from disaster. At first he was abashed and frightened, but as the need for defence became more and more obvious, he acted parts of the vision in dances, and assumed the leadership that they demanded. Yet his efforts did not stem aggression, nor could he do all that the dreams required. For this, Black Elk now blames himself—"a pitiful old man, who has done nothing."

This is his lament as he sits beside the sod house of Drinks Water's vision. Yet the self-approach lacks justification. No people of slender resources, fighting from the very doors of their dwellings, could cope with the rising hordes of white men unhampered by homes, families, or sense of mercy. The hideous "battle" of Wounded Knee was merely the last of the engagements in which soldiers of the United States shot Sioux women and babies in preference to warriors. Indeed, as Black Elk de-

tails battles, this seems to have been the favored procedure, with outright murder (as of Crazy Horse and Sitting Bull) a convenient supplement to fighting.

Yet the life story of this holy man is to be valued less for its record of conflict than for its picture of the mind of a northern plains Indian. Battles, once fought, can not be remedied; but we may revise our opinions of the vanquished tribesmen. From our vantage points of conquest and sophistication, we have been too ready to think of the red priest as a charlatan and the chief as a boastful, bloodthirsty demon. But whatever we may think of the pathological background of Black Elk's visions, we must admire their poetic beauty and metaphysical unity, and must grant the earnestness with which he tried to follow them. Nor does a bloody demon agree with his portrait of Crazy Horse, his cousin: a "very great man", but also a "queer one who neither danced nor sang", who spoke only to children, and who turned himself into a voluntary outcast in his effort to find a way out of disaster. Even Red Cloud, pitiful chief of the "Stay-around-the-forts", was not the servile "good" Indian of frontier history. With intelligence clearer than that of Crazy Horse and a fatalism unknown to Sitting Bull, he early gave up conflict that could have no victory. Perhaps he was wrong; perhaps the Sioux should have fought until the last infant was starved or shot down by soldiers. Yet even Crazy Horse surrendered to starvation, thus admitting the wisdom of Red Cloud's position. The wonder is that bands of Sioux held out as they did, and had courage to rise in the Ghost Shirt rebellion.

The book is worthy of its substance. Mr. Neihardt has turned the bald words of an interpreter into language whose dignity matches Black Elk's story, with the cadence that one finds in the speech of the plains chief, holy man or crier. Fifteen drawings by Standing Bear, a Minneconjou, are significant examples of Sioux narrative painting. In their own medium they present the simplicity of outlook, the faith and the vigor that mark the written record of this Sioux holy man.

by R. D. Darrell

## MOZART: "SUCH A LITTLE MAN"

MOZART. By Marcia Davenport. New York, Charles Scribner's Sons. Pp. 400. 16 illustrations. \$3.50.

Pretty pictures break hard. The Cherubino legend persists and we are most likely to know Mozart only as child prodigy touring in state; courtly youth stepping the minuet, squiring the ladies, romantically dying unhardened, bequeathing with a cavalier gesture a testament of dainty, fragile music. Image colors performance and aural perception. We are likely to hear what we expect and are meant to hear,—a graceful melodic line, a lilt of gavotte or waltz rhythms, faintly or never a profounder undertone or urge of muscular, naked feeling.

To know—rather than listen to—the G minor quintet or the *Requiem* is to experience a searching light that never stemmed from a Cherubino's candle, softly flaring at both ends. The sure hand that penned these fluid scores knew the billiard sue, the discretely urging handclasp, but the poised, incisive mind that drove the hand from fashionable pastimes to the sweaty labors of music-making had known sterner, more mortifying ecstasies. To replace the Dresden china figurine with tortured flesh and singing blood demands indefatigable toil and penetrating insight. One must attack as Miss Davenport has done the vast mass of Mozart correspondence through the adolescent confessions of *Drecklichkeit* to the last miserable plea for the loan of a few florins, retrace the endless wanderings from court to court, city to city, dingy lodging to one dingier, evoke fully the struggle for life as an ill-paid *Kapellmeister* suffocated by illimitable stupidity, hear the D minor quartet as it was set on paper in the same room that held silly Constanze, her giggles gone, wrenched by the animal shrieks of first birth.

Biographers are seldom lacking in industry. Jahn's hefty volumes on Mozart are products of unremitting effort. But the scholar's lamp casts a yellow, veiling light on its subject in comparison to the strong, harsh flood of sunlight Miss Davenport lets in. The oh so thoroughly music lovers who seek in her some reflection of the politely polished styles of her noted mother and step-father (Alma Gluck and Efrem Zimbalist) are going to be



uncomfortably jolted. They who cherish the delusion that Mozart fed on honey and dew and sang as the birds sing will not like to hear Mozart's own testimony that he swilled punch and beer and composed, well—woof! They would rather not know that Mozart's right-hand technique was developed by furtive practice on the stumpy thighs of cousin Bäsle as well as on the clavier, that his one consuming love affair ended not in a Byronic exit into the night but in Wolferl's coolly seating himself at the piano and singing to his beloved the Eulenspiegelian response to rebuff and heart-break: "*Leck mir das Mensch im Arsch das mich nicht will.*"

Miss Davenport's sensibilities reflect the whole man, his vanity and vulgarity—"all too human", give for the first time some base of measurement for the illimitable flights of his spirit. And with Mozart his contemporaries and his age. Fur-banded rapiers and candle-light gavottes; streets piled high with refuse and dirty deaths by typhus and cholera. Shrewdly scheming Leopold, ambitious Aloysia who saw no profit in wasting marketable favors on "such a little man", sinister and lusty Abbé Da Ponte, the burnt-out coal of Casanova . . . Bills, silver buckles, babies yearly born and dying, gaieties and triumphs in Prague, grubbing for existence and the respite of a muddy pauper's grave in not so golden Vienna . . . And out of this dark soil the flowering of the purest spirit and unquenchable urge to expression. Miss Davenport too can say, "I am the man. I suffered. I was there." The figurine takes on life; the term genius acquires meaning.

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Add the experience of his most revelatory music and one has the full stature of the man. Miss Davenport unluckily gives no specific aid to those unable to read the transparent scores or play for themselves the works she refers to. A footnote may remedy in part at least that deficiency, for there is a way—not altogether adequate but still rich in experience—of acquiring an intimate knowledge of some of the works. Phonograph recordings with all their limitations offer the invaluable opportunity of hearing Mozart's music divorced from the crowded, theatrical concert-hall, to be absorbed and digested in solitude or the company of a few kindred spirits. From the immense Mozart discography a few records can be selected as outstanding, the truest interpretative and technical settings.

None of the many versions of the three last symphonies avail-

able is very satisfactory and the first choice among the some seven symphonies should be the *Haffner* (conducted by Toscanini for Victor) and the C major, K. 338 (Beecham—Columbia). Best of the other orchestral works are the group of *Deutsche Tänze* (Kleiber—Brunswick) and *Eine kleine Nachtmusik* (Bruno Walter—Columbia). One might add some of the spirited less-familiar overtures—*Idomeneo*, *Schauspieldirektor*, *Entführung aus dem Serail*—or perhaps a couple of the thirteen available concertos: that for violin in E flat (Thibaud—Victor) and for bassoon in B flat (Archie Camden—Columbia), to make purely arbitrary selection. Only two solo piano works can be recommended, the fantasia in C minor (F. J. Hirt—Polydor<sup>1</sup>) and sonata in D, K. 576 (Kathleen Long—N. G. S.). Passing by the many solo instrumental recordings of snippets, for all the celebrity of their performers, one should surely have the complete *Requiem* (and if possible the *Coronation Mass*) performed fittingly by the chorus and orchestra of Salzburg Cathedral where Mozart himself was once organist (Christschall<sup>2</sup>). Of the vast vocal repertory one can most satisfyingly begin with the superb recorded singing of Hedwig von Dehicka and Felicie Hüni-Mihacsek (Brunswick), Elisabeth Schumann, Lotte Schoene, Sigrid Onegin, and Chaliapin (Victor).

But one's pennies, ears, and full-stretched sensibilities can most profitably be expended on the chamber music, most searching and intimate Mozartian revelation. The G minor quintet of course (Léners—Columbia) and the quintets for clarinet and strings (Draper-Léners—Columbia) and piano and wood winds (N. G. S.). Of the seven recorded string quartets—including five of the set dedicated to Haydn—one might choose first the D minor (Flonzaleys—Victor or Léners—Columbia) and *Hunting* quartet (Léners—Columbia or Budapest Quartet—Victor). Four trios are available and I could not do without the two put out by the National Gramophone Society,—G major for piano and strings, E flat for clarinet, viola, and piano. Of considerable pertinent interest is a Polydor recording of the Mozart piano of 1790, pieces by Haydn and Schubert played by Charlotte Kauffmann.

The machine not always violates the muse. Even shellac discs and steel needles may be the only Sesame for most of us to an infinitely precious musical oasis. And if one cannot know the music without knowing the man, the converse is no less true.

<sup>1</sup>The Polydor and Christschall records mentioned are made in Germany, those of the N. G. S.—National Gramophone Society—in London. They may be obtained without difficulty from New York or Philadelphia record importers.

by Allen W. Porterfield

## HAWK FROM A HANDSAW

**TIECK'S ROMANTIC IRONY:** With Special Emphasis upon the Influence of Cervantes, Sterne, and Goethe. By Alfred Edwin Lussky, Chapel Hill: The University of North Carolina Press, 1932. 274 Pages. \$3.00.

There was once upon a time a Romantic School in Germany—and here the fairy-tale part of the protracted incident stops. The late Kuno Francke gave out some priceless energy in an attempt to have the idea of a “school” removed from the pages of literary history. He was unsuccessful. Others who operate toward the same end will be equally unsuccessful. The realities of the German Romantic School were so solidly planned and executed that criticism cannot wither them nor contemporary patterns stale their infinite variety.

The suffrage of critics, accorded it would seem without age limit, has decreed that Friedrich Schlegel was the chairman of the committee that founded the Romantic School. There can be no real objection to this decision, particularly since the election is long since past, and while it was sure, the calling of some who have written profusely on the Romantic School has been at least a trifle equivocal. To this as yet unsaved class Professor Lussky does not belong. Had there been a Calvin among the elect he would have predestined Dr. Lussky to eternal salvation immediately on the appearance of his first discussion of the present theme. The man does mountains of reading before he descends into the valley of the shadow of criticism; the volume before us proves this. It is based on the works of the Romantics themselves; it is first-hand stuff, well prepared and well served. And it was worth doing, were there no other justification, for the very reason that so many have already done it in part, piecemeal, here and there, as they saw fit. This has meant that their conclusions have been determined by the writers they have read; for Irony, like Romanticism itself, is a quite personal affair.

There is no space for an analysis of each of the seven chapters, or for comment on such insignificant slips as that Friedrich Schlegel died in 1829 when 1830 is correct, that *Stellem* should be *Stellen*, and that “put out” is a passing concession to inelegance for “wrote”

"published", "created",—there are always a host of good substitutes for bad expression. Nor need we linger long over the known fact that, generally speaking, Romantic Irony was the device that allowed a writer to step aside, interrupt himself, and laugh at his own creation. Nor need we stop to consider the academically known fact that Friedrich Schlegel theorized his Irony into existence, while Tieck had a different brand, a much thinner one, one that revealed itself at times through the trick of putting the first chapter of a novel last or by doing something else that was not exactly wonderful in its effect, but which Tieck fancied was fair form because Goethe and Cervantes before him had done it—for other reasons.

The big issue in this book, which contains so many German quotations that it will be of no value at all to professors of English, is one of polarized terminology. Dr. Lussky was able to quote Romanticists who were surprised when they learned that "Roman-tisch" and "Roman" (German for "novel") are related. "Romantic" in fact goes straight back to Romulus the myth and Rome the thing. One is still more surprised, however, to see Dr. Lussky himself wondering what the etymology of "interests" may be. That word comes direct from *inter-esse*. That "interests" me which is with me. I lend you a dollar; you keep the dollar; I get the six cents. And it makes very little difference whether Friedrich Schlegel meant by *interessant* that which is objective, or that which is subjective.

For terms like these overlap, bump into each other, are reversible, and rarely have a clean connotation. The whole world, material and spiritual, is built on a dual basis: hills-valleys, life-death, rich-poor, good-bad. Without the one the other is unthinkable. Hence when Shakespeare was objective that was his sort of subjectivity; when Goethe was subjective that was his species of objectivity. And had the new school of critics, misled by Professor Elmer Edgar Stoll of the University of Minnesota, only read the German Romanticists they might not have launched out on the choppy sea of debate with the thesis that a writer does not reflect his age, and that the works of a writer do not reflect him. Witness the German Romanticists: They wrote pretty poems about violets when Napoleon was thundering at their gates; they created pretty dramas motivated by otherworldliness when the real world about them was rife with the dubiety of rationalism,



and ripped wide open with wars and the wages of wars. That was their way of reflecting their age: It was understood that they were depicting what they wished to see and have, not what they saw and had. Literature always reflects its age, else it is a lie.

Dr. Lussky has made it unwise, wholly so, for anyone else to tackle the theme of Romantic Irony; it is all here, so far as the facts are concerned. But his study stops where it should have begun. He should have shown that the Romanticists themselves simply ran into a blind alley when they set up all those terms of theirs, though subjective and objective were the most confounding. Adherence to either of the two pairs makes the adherent look silly in time. Goethe was the all-round wisest man that ever lived; yet the old man admitted, by argument and implication, that he was not always able to differentiate between the freshman theme of deductive as opposed to inductive reasoning. We call a wind that blows from the west a west wind; it would be more logical to call it an east wind, for it is in the east that it does its most effective work. We speak of the man with the inferiority complex; what the poor soul has is a superiority complex, for he suffers from the delusion that everybody else is superior to him, and there are two billion of them.

Dr. Lussky should have added a great concluding chapter on the sweet reasonableness and ubiquitous inescapability of the paradox, romantic and otherwise.

*by Maurice Halperin*

## AFTER THE GREAT DISILLUSIONMENT

LA VIE AMÉRICAINNE ET SES LEÇONS, by Marcel Braunschvig. Paris, Librairie Armand Colin, 1931, 35 francs; *L'Amérique Inattendue*, by André Maurois. Paris, Editions Mornay, 1931; *L'Autre Amérique*, by Madeleine Cazamian, Paris, Champion, 1931; *New York Flamboie*, by J. Joseph-Renaud. Paris, Fasquelle Editeurs, 1931, 12 francs.

A hundred years ago, Alexis de Tocqueville, in his famous study on the American democracy, predicted that the day would come when occidental Europe would feel the merciless, irresistible pres-

sure, like that of a huge vice, of two great nations: the American colossus on the west and the Russian giant on the east. That the vice is now tightening is clear to any intelligent observer of international affairs, but that its pressure is as impersonal and is inevitable as the rising sun—what de Tocqueville with his shrewd understanding of the economic forces to be unloosed could foresee—is not clear to many of the defenders of a crumbling European civilization. This is especially true of the French bourgeois intelligentsia which in general cannot be reconciled to the idea of a changing world. Since France today is the leading power in Europe, and thus the staunchest defender of the *status quo*—be it political, economic, social or cultural—it is natural to find the center of anti-American as well as of anti-Soviet propaganda in Paris. Indeed, whether it is called Americanism or Bolshevism, at bottom it is the same thing—the triumphant union of three great forces: the machine, natural resources, and youthful vigor. The political differences between the two great exponents of modern industrialism are not the essential basis of comparison, and the Frenchman has unwittingly sensed this fact, for he looks with equal bewilderment and apprehension toward the west and toward the east. Thus the current of anti-Americanism that has swept through France of late has a deeper cause than the disappointment of losing an accomplice in plunder.

Perhaps the most eloquent expression of French antipathy to the new order of things that has come to our attention is Duhamel's venomous tirade against the Ogre of the West, *Scènes de la vie future*, known in English as *America the Menace*; and we trust its most absurd expression was a review of this same book which appeared in that very worthy Paris weekly, *Les Nouvelles Littéraires*. Here, Pierre Dominique, a critic of some standing, compared America with ancient Greece and France, and came to the conclusion that America is totally lacking in culture, though civilized after a fashion, that ancient Greece was uncivilized, though obviously cultured, and that France today represents a happy synthesis of civilization and culture at their best. This sort of chauvinism, reinforced by the traditional French ego, has in no small measure aggravated the more reasonable anti-Americanism of right-thinking Frenchmen and has helped to throw cold water on the waning fires of Franco-American amity. It is true that in recent years there have been sympathetic critics who came to our

shores from France before Duhamel discovered us, such men as Siegfried, Roz, Lalou, Cestre, and Dimmet, but that was in the era that preceded the Great Disillusionment. Therefore, it is indeed a welcome surprise to see that in the last six or eight months a definite and quite spontaneous reaction against the Duhamel-Dominique school of criticism has taken place, a reaction that bears witness to the inherent sanity of Frenchmen and at the same time directs an illuminating spotlight on the American scene.

An examination of the books in which the newer spirit of conciliation has manifested itself reveals two tendencies: one which is inclined to lavish praise where others have cast mud, and thus resorts to the method of antithesis to offset the current Yankee-phobia; and the other which aims at an objective evaluation, tempered with a tolerant and sympathetic understanding, of contemporary America. Thoroughly representative of the first tendency is *L'Autre Amérique* by Madeleine Cazamian, a useful and competent antidote in which the crude, savage America of Duhamel makes way for a refined and enlightened republic. Thoroughly familiar as she is with the finer aspects of American life, Mme. Cazamian spares no pains in describing to her fellow-countrymen our museums, libraries, hospitals, national parks, and the nobler parts of our educational system. A woman of refinement herself, Mme. Cazamian, who is the wife of a professor at the Sorbonne, discovered an America which amply meets her own standards of culture and in which she could be happy. Illustrating this same tendency, though on a vastly lower social and intellectual plane, is *New York Ablaze*, as the title of M. Joseph-Renaud's book might be translated. As a sensational account of the *mores* of Manhattan by a newspaperman who is writing for the general public, it will undoubtedly serve a useful purpose. But herein also lies a concealed attack against French socialism, for the author insinuates that our great strength—and thus the future welfare of the world—lies in our uncompromising capitalism. Does that mean that the American Colossus is to be placated at the expense of the Red Menace? Perhaps so, because there is also a preface by Premier André Tardieu, whose presence in our midst had so stimulating and virtuous effect just before we entered the World War. The Premier proves that he still has a warm spot in his heart for us by quoting from Longfellow and reminding his readers of 1781 and 1918.

Of even greater interest to Americans are the books of the second group where well-intentioned and often able criticism can help us enormously in understanding ourselves, as no one would deny after reading *La Vie Américaine*. Comparable in excellence to Siegfried's masterful analysis of the American scene, and perhaps wider in scope, M. Braunschvig's fat volume is an amazing compilation of facts and figures on almost every phase of American life, and is easily the best comprehensive study of post-war United States since *America Comes of Age*. M. Braunschvig, a French pedagogue of note and an accomplished literary historian, spent six months here on two separate occasions during the last decade. It would take too long to go into a detailed account of the hundreds, yes thousands, of significant facts and accute observations concerning this republic of ours which cram every page of *La Vie Américaine*. This much, however, may be said: that M. Braunschvig has approached his subject with a genuine desire to appraise impartially and with a documentary and critical equipment that have insured him against superficialities and easy generalizations. As a guide for the perplexed Frenchman through the maze of our complex, discerning and often paradoxical civilization, this book comes at a critical moment when much can be gained by replacing the morbid fear of the American Monster with the sympathetic, good-humored understanding that M. Braunschvig offers his fellow countrymen. To the intelligent American, *La Vie Américaine* can serve as a useful mirror, for M. Braunschvig has grasped the meaning, through their historical evolution, of many of the fundamental characteristics of our national life, such as, for example, the strange marriage of religious idealism and commercial realism, the conflict for supremacy between a fast decaying Protestant Anglo-Saxon aristocracy and an emergent Slavic-Latin-Judeo-Catholic minority and the struggle of the intellectual elite against the tyranny of the masses.

Lighter in vein, yet composed in that mood of friendly criticism and evaluation that marks them as belonging to the second group, are the eight essays that make up M. Maurois' *L'Amérique Inattendue*, written for the most part at Princeton where the eminent biographer lectured for a semester last year. M. Maurois has such a large number of readers this side of the Atlantic that one may be inclined to look for ulterior motives in his tolerant and sympathetic consideration of *homo americanus*. However, in these



suave, well-mannered reflections on Princeton, on the American temperament and society, M. Maurois is evidently sincere. At Princeton, he finds that intellectual well-being rather than material comfort is stressed, and he discovers that students there are as intelligent and as well read as his compatriots. At the same time, he sees the clearest indication that "America has come of age" in what he calls *le bar clandestin*—which is none other than the noble speakeasy. Indeed, M. Maurois rises to lyric heights, and with reason, when he points to the speakeasy as a symbol of revolt against the tyranny of Puritan tradition and as a glorious apprenticeship in Liberty. Sympathetic as he is toward this great American institution, M. Maurois cannot suppress a rather complacent, condescending manner when he considers the lusty immaturity of our civilization and holds forth the hope that our own "classical" era—which will correspond to the Golden Age of Louis XIV in French history—is not far off.

by Eugene M. Kayden

## INDUSTRIALISM TAKING STOCK

CONCENTRATION OF CONTROL IN AMERICAN INDUSTRY. By Harry W. Laidler. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. 1931. Pp. 501.

NEW ROADS TO PROSPERITY. By Paul M. Mazur. New York: The Viking Press. 1931. Pp. 194.

MODERN CIVILIZATION ON TRIAL. By C. Delisle Burns. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1931. Pp. 324.

AMERICA FACES THE FUTURE. Edited by Charles A. Beard. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1932. Pp. 416.

It is something new under the sun that in taking stock of past and present economic conditions, leaders in industry and finance should challenge the dominant doctrine that our alternating periods of prosperity and dark despair constitute a law of nature under capitalist organization of our economic life. In this day of national fact-finding and questioning there is no better collection of data than the recent work of Dr. Laidler. His study of concen-

tration in American industry is a fearless, concise statement of carefully documented facts presented with great calmness and restraint. It tells the story of business passing under the control of a few giant corporations through mergers and monopoly. There is no need to cite many figures; sufficient it is to state that two hundred corporations control forty per-cent of the nation's net income. It must be remembered that this movement does not represent, like the machine, the logical process of integration of productive effort and invention, that it only expresses the integration of proprietary power and control. The merger movement has practically eliminated competition between industries, it has in fact destroyed individual initiative and the independent middle class. From every quarter there is vigorous demand to do something about caging the dragon of industry. It is argued that the anti-trust laws must be enforced; that big business must be licensed and the public interest safeguarded; that corporations must be compelled to practice the moral precepts which society imposes upon natural persons; that the corporations must be placed under public regulation and control. Dr. Laidler, after reviewing all issues, holds that regulation has failed to prevent monopoly and concentration, and that the trust and merger movement is effectively preparing the way for the socialization of industry. He holds that in the stage of present capitalist development, ownership has been divorced from operation, and the profit motive has almost ceased to be *the* essential element of economic activity in the sense it was understood under competitive capitalism.

Mr. Mazur is a banker, a partner in the investment firm of the Lehman Corporation. He draws with power the condition of modern industry in ruins and the intellectual cowardice of capitalist leadership. He exposes the defects of our credit structure that makes no provision for the average consumer, and declares that there is no way out until consumption "receives its rightful place in the economic principles and arts of man". It is no longer a secret, then, that our economic ills and maladjustments are due to the lack of sufficient purchasing power on the part of the masses to command the goods of life they have created. The way out is through a collective effort of deliberate stimulation of demand through long-range planning, the shorter week and shorter day, through more leisure for the masses, which would increase the

demand for all kinds of labor and make technological unemployment a thing of the past. It is a courageous book, and though it is now two generations past that Ruskin and Carlyle have denounced the economic order which leaves the millions starving when the warehouses are overflowing with goods, it is well that their ghosts are troubling the minds of responsible leaders today.

But the interest in planning and rationalization of industry is spreading in America today. There is planning, but it is piecemeal, informal in character, and limited to a few corporations. The problem now is how to broaden these accidental forms of planning into a nation-wide, coordinated plan. Mr. Beard has rendered a real service in bringing together the various proposals for industrial planning in the United States, from some twenty different sources. Mr. Swope, for instance, is mainly concerned with unemployment insurance, yet all the authors recognize the need of a national plan involving the determination of annual requirements, production schedules, the balancing of supply and demand, and the continuous distribution of the national income through wages, social insurance, and leisure. The Soviet Union is at present the only country with a plan of national scope, because it enjoys complete control, because its aim is single, because its centralized authorities can enforce the decisions of the planning boards. The authors of planning in America, while some of them recognize our traditions of individualism and decentralization, do not face the essential problem of how we might reconcile the traditional methods with the demands of a social plan. Thus it comes about that Senator La Follette is content to offer but a modest program, the establishment of a national economic council as an advisory agency only. Mr. Beard, on the other hand, would charge the national council with definite functions of coordination and decision; he would in effect transform our present industries into national public utilities for their more efficient regulation and control. Yet Mr. Beard's discussion omits the dangers of conflicts of interest and the rights of present ownership; he does not meet the most pressing problem, whether capitalism can be socialized through government control, publicity of accounts, and other expensive regulating machinery, or through direct social ownership with its equitable distribution of the fruits of industry.

In part, Mr. Burns has solved the central difficulty of modernity facing the ruins of civilization. "The complaint against modern-

ity as unrestful, superficial or dissolute comes from the cultured few who have been trained in the traditional standards and who live by maintaining those standards; what is in a decline is not the modern world but traditional criticism." He is not primarily concerned with the external evidences of civilization,—the car, the radio, canned food, jazz, though their determining power in the life of the period is great, or with the elaborate sciences improving the conditions of life by the planned cooperation of skilled thinkers; he is more concerned with a type of culture defined as the whole complex of social customs, beliefs, and emotional attitudes, and the behavior patterns which they create. Therefore he is not appalled by standardization, mechanization, or even the growth of dictatorship in many countries; these are not on trial, but the enemies of experimentalism and the defenders of traditional attitudes are on trial today. There is need of criticism, and of various forms of social and voluntary associations for wider cooperative effort, because civilization demands the constant combining of thought and of action in experimentalism.

*by Carroll Lane Fenton*

## SCIENCE AND CONSERVATION

THE LIFE OF EDWARD JENNER. By F. Dawtrey Drewitt. Longmans, Green and Company. \$2.00.

HUXLEY, PROPHET OF SCIENCE. By Houston Peterson. Longmans, Green and Company. \$3.50.

HUXLEY. By Clarence Ayres. W. W. Norton Company. \$3.00.

In 1772, a young English physician declined appointment on Cook's expedition, to return to his home village, Berkeley. There he treated the ills of peasants, wrote sentimental poems and studied biology, with no greater desires than to attain knowledge, to do good, and to remain in peaceful obscurity.

Yet the first two seemed to preclude the others. Jenner brought forth storms of protest by discovering that the young cuckoo threw the fledglings of its foster parents from the nest, while his



ideas on bird migration disagreed with those then held to be orthodox. When he discovered vaccination as a preventive of smallpox, all hope of peace and quiet vanished. Not merely did he offend those who upheld inoculation: he incurred the enmity of envious physicans, and those who wished to debase his discovery to their own advantage. To them, he was an unwelcome policeman, ready to spend his own funds in enforcement of the laws of medicine—and they hated him in proportion to his honesty.

Even his triumphs brought disturbance. Opposed by ignorance and malice, Jenner became an apostle of vaccination, to whom lieutenants and even rivals came for aid and advice, and from whom governments sought counsel. Europe of the early nineteenth century contained no more self-contradictory figure than this retiring yet confident country doctor whom Parliament thrice honored by grants (with taxes deducted in advance); who was sought by such men as Blücher and Alexander of Russia; who secured the release of prisoners in France, England and Spain; and who wrote private passports for traveling Englishmen, when those of the government were worthless. Need we wonder that in 127 small pages, Mr. Drewitt fails to make such a career seem quite real?

No such unreality appears in the life of Huxley, though he and Jenner had much in common. Both warred on conservatism and preached the application of science; both were opposed by men who should have helped them. But where Jenner was modest, Huxley was dramatic: knowing that he possessed the ability for greatness, he applied those tactics that were bound to bring it. Hence his success which on its own plane equalled that of Jenner, causes neither confusion nor surprise.

Huxley excelled in three distinct fields. He was a skilled anatomist, whose discovery of the "germ layers" was of basic importance. He was an outstanding teacher and theorist of education, in a day when education demanded men who were daring in ideals as well as practice. Finally, he was the foremost champion of the "Scientific Reformation," whose inspiration came from Lyell, Tyndall, and Darwin. So great was the importance of this part of his work that it almost has eclipsed the others. In a period whose scientists shrink from the public, there is a growing tendency to dismiss Huxley as a "mere" popularizer, and even zoölogists are unfamiliar with his work.

Both Mr. Peterson and Mr. Ayres thus perform a real service when they summarize the researches which brought Huxley fellowship in the Royal Society at the age of twenty-six, and made his opinion seem so important to Darwin. Such recognition could not have come to a trifle—even though, as Mr. Ayres points out, fellowship in the Royal Society came more easily eighty years ago than it does today, especially to young men of skill and ambition. H. L. Mencken has remarked that Huxley was no “shrinking dahlia of the laboratory”; that his passionate interest in truth was combined with a very active interest in the advancement of Huxley, to which his friend Forbes gave skilled guidance. The results were Fellowship, a medal, sumptuous publication, and an early professorship at the Royal Institution. Thomas Huxley knew how to get on.

Yet we must admit that he did not find his true vocation until the bitter conflict over Darwin arose. Spurred by the unjust attacks on his friend, Huxley became both the champion of science and the opponent of theology. Only Haeckel is to be compared with him—and in Haeckel, science too readily was transmuted into an emotional Monism whose triune deity was Goodness, Truth, and Beauty. Huxley was concerned with these also—especially with truth and goodness—but his attitude was one of respect, not of worship.

It was fortunate that he made this distinction—and that his enemies were cultured men. Mencken has lamented that there is no second Huxley in these United States, to smite the followers of Bryan and religious reconcilers among scientists. But who can imagine a Huxley dealing with the crude formations of fundamentalism, or the amorphous God of Professor Millikan? And how could one discuss theology or philosophy with the legislators of Tennessee? Even the blundering Wilberforce was no William Jennings Bryan, while Owen, Balfour, and Arnold demanded the best their opponent could offer. If Huxley did not always value them highly, the reason was that he wrote too swiftly to be conscious of effort, or held so firmly to the method of agnosticism that he could not appreciate their sincerity and viewpoint. Yet always he stood ready to meet them upon their own ground as well as that of science, and with surprising frequency he defeated them.

Thus his essays stand, not merely as contributions to scientific literature, but as records of the leading battles of that “New Re-

formation", to which Huxley devoted most of his life. Even the prolonged argument with Gladstone was more than a squabble over significance of certain unimportant passages in the Bible: it was an attack upon the whole structure of revelation and literal interpretation as guides for thought among intellectual men. That Huxley won is fairly obvious, even though liberalization in Christian theology generally progresses without mention of his name.

Mr. Peterson deals extensively with the philosophic background of Huxley's efforts, with their implication for modern confusion. Mr. Ayres keeps more closely to the field of science, with less skill as a writer, he gives a less convincing picture of Huxley's nature and achievements, and becomes rather lost in an effort to prove that Huxley, not Darwin, was the father of Darwinism. For this, he adopts a definition of Darwinism which is almost synonymous with evolution, especially the evolution of man—not at all in keeping with the one on which the evolutionists seem generally agreed. And after all, just what is the difference? Darwin did not "father" evolution; he rather made it scientifically credible. Huxley accepted his work and extended it, both in the realm of biology and in general philosophy. His efforts were matched by those of Ernst Haeckel, who fought the forces of Continental conservatism with a vigor equal to that of Huxley, even though it was less courteous and learned. These men, aided by many others, accomplished an astonishing upheaval in belief, in knowledge, and in cultural outlook. Why argue as to what name we shall give their efforts, or attempt to compute items of credit?

*by Elizabeth D. Wheatley*

## NO HERO TO HIS WIFE

MY ARNOLD BENNETT, By Margaret, His Wife. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company, Inc. \$2.75. Pp. 165.

There should be laws made, even in law-ridden countries, against biographies and personal memoirs of authors, both the great and the semi-great. As a man writes so is he; his works endow him with a personality which the reader may hold in esteem. We are all familiar with the feeling of reverence and affection for the author himself which a great work calls forth. That

feeling ought not to be shattered by intimate revelations. It is one of the world's great good fortunes that it knows little of Shakespeare except that his friends loved him.

Moreover, a wife should never write about a renowned literary husband. The author is only a man to his wife. Affectionate, irritable, selfish, generous, illogical, tender, whatever he may be to her, he is not the author in whom his public must believe. And so Mrs. Arnold Bennett in writing an intimate memoir of her dead husband has done him no honor, but rather the reverse. She has turned an almost great man into a very small one.

Mrs. Bennett is not herself a person of any considerable literary gifts. And in this little book she is writing a language with which she is not wholly familiar. Had she written in her native French and submitted to a translation, her brochure, for the book is little more than that, would have greatly gained. Her style is abrupt and awkward. It creaks like an unused gate. The book also lacks a logical plan and it sounds more like the confessions of one woman to another than like a serious writing.

And yet it has charm, a sad and wistful charm. As one critic has already said, Mrs. Bennett is either wonderfully simple, or appallingly astute. Her book may be an attempt at a tender tribute, or it may be sweet revenge most cunningly devised. In the one case, she is naive to the point of being silly; in the other, she is fiendishly clever. Nevertheless, the book has charm. A picture of Mrs. Bennett comes out of it which is very appealing. She is the "dark woman", the type Arnold Bennett loved best, and used in many of his books. She might have been the prototype of Sophia Baines and Hilda Lessways, even of the cautious, practical, winsome Mrs. Arb. She figures in fantasy as the girl of *The Vanguard*. Her crime against Bennett was that she was practical as only a French woman knows how to be. When Bennett wished to pretend to himself that he was the gilded millionaire of his dream books, she was his conscience pointing to security rather than extravagance. And so, "for the sake of his work", she was asked to leave Arnold Bennett's home, never to return. Her struggles to learn her husband's language, to make his home comfortable, to guard his health, were all for nothing. Bennett appears in this chronicle as a man insensitive to deep emotion, incapable of prolonged sympathy, exacting, domineering, pusillani-



mous. Mrs. Bennett remains, with sad and charming resignation, on the right side of the case.

This book has also some place in the literary understanding of Arnold Bennett. We learn from Mrs. Bennett how it is that in all Bennett's work there is not a single adequate description of natural things. He sees the color of the sky, the flash of streams rolling through long hills, the grandeur of splendid architecture, but never a tree, a shrub, or a flower. His novels are as dry and bare of growth as city streets. The garden of the Orgreaves is as unfinished as the raw new garden of the Clayhanger's. The last wish of Darius Clayhanger is not to plant roses, but to grow mushrooms in a dark cellar. Lord Raingo wishes for flowers in his apartment, but no one will ever know what flowers. Mrs. Bennett tells us that her husband, who knew so much intimately about everything else, did not know the names of the commonest garden plants, and that he never saw them unless they were pointed out to him.

And again, we see in Mrs. Bennett's book the sources of many of Bennett's people, and their characteristics. We know it was that he could describe Mr. Earlforward's love of bank notes and gold money, because Arnold Bennett loved them himself. We see that his own father, Enoch Bennett, was the origin of Darius Clayhanger; his mother was at one time Constance Baines, and at another old Mrs. Andrew Clythe. His mother's sister was Auntie Hamps. And he himself was a large part of Edwin Clayhanger. Only he was not like Edwin, strong enough or clever enough to be a husband. All of Bennett's fine platitudes about marriage fall down like a heap of unsteady bricks in the face of his own marriage failure.

One matter is puzzling. Mrs. Bennett says that her husband could not bear the sight of illness, or of a sick room. Why is it, then, that some of his finest scenes are those of illness, and those about the death bed? The best part of Clayhanger is the death of Darius. Lord Raingo is a man of absorbing interest only when he is dying. These scenes are among the few in Bennett's work that have the more-than-realism which is necessary to great art.

What Mrs. Bennett has done of most importance is to show us in her husband's character the lack of depths and heights which makes his work fail of being truly great. J. B. Priestly who wrote, some years ago, a very good and favorable critical essay on Ben-

nett, said that Bennett's most enthusiastic readers hesitated to reread him. That is true. Booklovers will go again and again to Thackeray, Dickens, the Brontës, Hardy, even to the dour and melancholy Gissing. But, however much they have enjoyed Bennett in a first reading, they will seldom return to him, and then only to a few of the novels, *The Old Wives Tale*, *Clayhanger*, and *Riceyman Steps*. In his finest books Bennett gives us the reality of life to the fullest, as it is on the surfaces of its activities and of its thoughts, but never the great "what might be" that is beyond life, above and below it, supporting the common-places of life with necessary and vital illusion. Bennett gives us living people such as we know, such as we are ourselves, but never the people of great heart whom we wish to know. Bennett's work is life indeed, full and rich, amusing, and tragi-comic, but it is never larger than life. He never gives us a great tragedy like *Jude the Obscure*, a great woman like Becky Sharpe, a consummate and fascinating villain like Fagin, a great figure for the world's delight like Pickwick. With all his penetration, which is sly rather than sympathetic, he is too calculating, too much the materialist, too much engrossed in development of self, too much engaged in "getting on", to give us the best there is in literature. With wonderful skill he has given us fine specimens of the second best. There is not in contemporary English literature a novel better than *The Old Wives Tale*. But Mrs. Bennett has put her wifely finger on the cause of a subtle lack in Mr. Bennett's work which has puzzled many a reader. Is this innocence, or is it revenge?

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THE GENESIS OF SHAKESPEARE'S IDOLATRY: 1766-1799. A Study in English Criticism of the Late Eighteenth Century. By Robert Witbeck Babcock, Ph.D. Chapel Hill: The University of North Carolina Press. 1931. Pp. 307.

Quite apart from the valuable documentation of eighteenth century Shakspearean criticism which Dr. Babcock's book presents, this study is perhaps chiefly valuable as a concrete presentation of the history of British literary taste in a peculiarly interesting period. Its comprehensive appendix will be found useful to scholars who may not find anything especially new to them in the text itself. The book is tastefully and clearly printed. The style is objective, in the accepted manner conventionally adopted by American scholars.

JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU AND HIS PHILOSOPHY. By Harold Höffding. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1930. Pp. 165. \$2.00.

The theme of Professor Höffding's well-known monograph on Rousseau is not condemnation or self-revelation. It is a definite, clear, well-ordered statement of Rousseau's influence, especially on Kant. His work was symptomatic and germinal. He was a pioneering genius stating the problems of the world at a time of great renewal, and turning up new ground in education, politics, ethics, religion, and literature. And Professor Höffding honors Rousseau because he raised problems of human life, because he made us aware of wrong and injustice, because he brought the personality of the individual into the center of interest, and in *Exile* and the *Contrat social* he gave to mankind the charters of youthful deliverance. The exposition is sympathetic and comprehensive, written with Höffding's rich background of the history of philosophic thought and the conflict of ideas in civilization.

—E. M. K.

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NEW DISCOVERIES RELATING TO THE ANTIQUITY OF MAN. By Sir Arthur Keith. New York: W. W. Norton & Company. 1931. Pp. 512.

Conjecture in the field of anthropology has within the last decade become uncomfortably limited for the persistent guessers and camp-followers of the bone-and-fossil-diggers, and the accumulation of factual material has been calling for new interpreters. The industrious reader, if he is not a lay reader altogether, will find no superior interpreter of men and apes, no keener appraiser of our dim past, than Sir Arthur, who is both scientist and cultivated historian. His handling of the voluminous material is masterly; nor does he omit conflicting opinion at variance with his own views respecting humanoid against anthropoid characteristics. In the hunt for man's remains he takes the reader to East Africa, Galilee, China, Australia, America, and Europe, ever tireless in marshalling his facts and arguments. And though the gap in our prehistoric record, between Neanderthal man and modern man, between the cave and the village, still remains, one central idea stands undisputed, that "the problem of human evolution is a brain problem." Brain power has made Man.

—E. M. K.

TRADITIONAL BALLADS OF VIRGINIA. Edited by Arthur Kyle Davis, Jr. Harvard University Press. Cambridge. 1929. Pp. 634.

BRITISH BALLADS FROM MAINE. By Barry, Eckstorm, and Smith. 1929. Yale University Press

This book, representing years of ballad-collecting under the Virginia Folk-Lore Society, presents fifty-one of the English and Scottish ballads of the Child collection in six hundred and fifty versions, with many of the melodies. The editor, succeeding the late Professor Alphonso Smith, has completed the vast labor with scholarly zest. The preliminary discussion of "What is a ballad?", traverses controversial ground with admirable lucidity and discretion; the headnotes to each ballad, the notes to the variants present both the scholarly data and the human elements of the problems. This human aspect of ballad-collecting, one of the most adventurous and fascinating quests of modern scholarship, is further depicted by sketches and photographs of some of the ballad-collectors and the singers and their mountain homes.

The parallel discovery, presented in another ballad collection of the same year (*British Ballads from Maine*. By Barry, Eckstorm, and Smyth, Yale University Press. 1929) of fifty six of the Child ballads found in Maine, corroborates the wide spread and long habitation of British ballads in America. The finding of the same ballads, with identical minute details, on lonely islands of the Maine coast and in remote coves of the Southern Appalachians, argues that these ballads came over in the earliest migrations. For nearly three hundred years they have dwelt here, sung from generation to generation, in forms purer and finer than the printed versions used by Child. America has preserved many of the oldest known ballads of our English tradition. It is an inestimable debt that we owe to the army of scholars and collectors whose patient toil has preserved for us this fast-vanishing heritage.

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SOPHOKLES: ANTIGONE. A New Redaction in the American Language. By Shamus O'Sheel. Brooklyn. 1931. Pp. 57.

This "redaction" of *Antigone*, prepared at the request of Dr. Guthrie for a reading at St. Mark's-in-the-Bouwerie, is a rendition of Jebb's literal translation into simple prose and verse forms in



the manner of Yeats's *Oedipus*. It is therefore to be judged not as a translation—the author tells us that he knows no Greek—but as a “contribution to the work of restoring some of the greatest works of literature to our own living times.” Mr. O’Sheel has, on the whole, succeeded well in rendering the ornate diction of Jebb into a vigorous, graphic, dramatic speech: for example, Jebb’s “If thus thou speakest, thou wilt have hatred from me, and will justly be subject to the lasting hatred of the dead”, becomes, “If you say such things I will hate you and the dead will haunt you”. Classicists may object to the guard’s use of such idioms of the “American speech” as, “got up courage” and “got a good grip”; far more expressive is this echo of the Irish speech of Yeats and Synge and Mr. O’Sheel’s ancestors: “And she crying aloud with the sharp cry of a bird in grief”. The finest passages, the speeches of Antigone, the long rhythms of the choruses, attest that Mr. O’Sheel has wisely followed the poetic practice rather than the literal precept of Wordsworth in using “a selection of the real language of men”. With imaginative sympathy he has retold a deathless story.

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THE EMERGENCE OF MAN. By Gerald Heard. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 1932. Pp. 297.

Perhaps it is a profound book, but certainly it is abstruse. It shatters the spacious universe snatched out of chaos by the Victorian scientists, and dissolves what is orderly and certain into uncertainty and chaos. But though our individual faith and purpose are lost to us, Man, the symbol of the race, is still marching on, not towards individual progress and happiness, but towards the “expansion of the inner world of the psyche”. Mr. Heard supports a psychological view of history only; thus he attributes all human unhappiness to the conflict between the psychic and the physical. Yet he refuses to meet the fundamental question of interest to the student of progress: Under what set of conditions does man’s psychology change? To say that man’s mind “is an emerging mind and as he continues to explore the outer world he does so because he is urged thereto by an advance in his own self-knowledge” gives no answer to questions we are asking about the past circumstances which resulted in change and progress.

—E. M. K.

SHAKESPEARE'S ECONOMICS. By Henry W. Farnam. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1931. Pp. 187.

Following in the footsteps of Tolstoy and Shaw, but with the diligence of a trained economist, Dr. Farnam has made an unusually interesting compilation of the economic ideas and conditions mirrored in the works of Shakespeare. Lurking back much of Shakespeare's poetry, fused with action and imagery, or hidden in descriptions and invectives, there are ideas which relate to commerce, agriculture, interest, taxation, unemployment, and distribution of wealth. Shakespeare wrote in an age of great discoveries, enterprise, and social change, in a period of transition from status to contract, and the heaving life about him found its way into his works. Fortunately, Dr. Farnam has eschewed all theoretical deductions. Shakespeare was not a social philosopher, reformer, or metaphysician, but a poet—always; the references to contemporary life and interest only prove that he was a shrewd, profound observer, and that nothing escaped him.

—E. M. K.

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THE NEMESIS OF AMERICAN BUSINESS. By Stuart Chase. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1931.

One arises from the reading of Chase's last book feeling that our society is unaware of any economic dilemma, wondering when the existing order will end in final ruin. His eyes are upon Soviet Russia; he demands why we cannot work for an order in our economic life in terms of our own experience, and yet he is not hopeful about it, because we are lacking in integrity, because our life is permeated with the racket of salesmanship and profit, because craven fear rules our economic executives and political leaders. One may become convinced that our system is lacking in sanity, in an intelligence capable of appraising values and purposes, but one could hardly gather courage and will, after reading Chase's book, to bring about an order nearer to the heart's desire.

—E. M. K.

HUMANISM AND SCIENCE. By Cassius Jackson Keyser. New York: Columbia University Press. 1931. Pp. 243.

Professor Keyser holds that the essayists of Norman Foerster's symposium on humanism had high aims and a comfort-giving message for baffled and despairing souls, but that their strict and exclusive humanism was naive, having no goal desirable for all humanity, and therefore outside the pale of true humanism. The reason lies in the fact that neither the meaning nor the spirit of science has a generally recognized signification in America, that the humanist's bafflement is ineffectual and aimless because it is not informed with the spirit of science, the spirit that is essentially truth-seeking, the spirit that "leads to wisdom, knowledge, understanding of the actual world." True humanism is not a concern with the humanities, nor with tradition, or authority. It must embrace all the cardinal interests of man as man,—the creation of a good life on earth by the use of powers native to man, by the exercise of faculties "to order and fashion their lives worthily."

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ADVENTURES IN GENIUS. By Will Durant. New York: Simon and Schuster. 1931. Pp. 426.

In this book the greatest things of all time are decided, the Ten Greatest Thinkers, the Ten Greatest Poets, Twelve World Dates, the one hundred Best Books for an education, and, for good measure, matters of literature, philosophy, sociology, politics, morality, education, Palestine, India, China, winding up with a letter to the mayor of New York on democracy and with a debate on modern education. It is a loquacious book, ardent, and at times banal in style. The supreme test for admission to the list of the greatest was to admit no heroic figure "whose thought however subtle and profound, has not had an enduring influence upon mankind." And accordingly, there is nothing about Jesus and Buddah; Goethe and Milton are excluded, and Walt Whitman admitted; and, among the modern stirrers of human thought, John Cowper Powys is hailed as an "unheralded Plato".

MAN'S OWN SHOW: CIVILIZATION. By George A. Dorsey. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1931 Pp. 977.

Extensive research and wide reading in reliable sources have gone into the making of this large book, but unfortunately it is lacking in intellectual consistency and synthesis. It is a "fighting" book, a colorful story of man's culture emerging out of the ape; it is a fundamentalist book savagely attacking our entire past of instinct and emotion and religion. Life and progress are described as matters of biology, mechanics, and reason. It is a preaching book, four-square in scientific zeal, desultory, racy, pungent, and oftentimes vulgar. It leaves the reader in confusion. It is true that science has the power to endow our minds with rational understanding, but since science is a recent thing in civilization, emotion and religion must have been not altogether useless in man's climb from primitive chaos. Mr. Dorsey has aimed to provide an outline of progress and of our knowledge concerning sex, art, speech, family, religion, science; he sought to simplify the generalizations of science, including all that is only tentative knowledge, all that is controversial in sociology, fanciful in anthropology, and much that is but a wild surmise in psychology, with little fear of exaggeration and with great crusading zeal.

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WORK: WHAT IT HAS MEANT TO MEN THROUGH THE AGES. By Adriano Tilgher. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1930. Pp. 225.

Tilgher is a stirrer of thought, intellectually combative. In clear, shapely patterns he describes the attitude of society to work throughout the centuries,—how it was regarded as a curse by the Greeks, as expiation for original sin by the Hebrews, as duty by the Calvinists, as a calm and uninterrupted activity by Tolstoy and Ruskin, as a tool for progress and deliverance from work by the modern world of industry. It is in work that modern man finds his nobility and worth, and the hope of freeing himself from the tyranny of matter; the very fact that labor has become mechanical is not without advantages for the free flight of the spirit, restored to itself after working hours. He condemns America for its religion of the body—pleasure, recreation, vulgar amusement—which is threatening the foundations of capitalist civilization, and demands that the modern spirit should organize itself as a world, as a regulated order of things.



THE HISTORY OF WORLD CIVILIZATION FROM PREHISTORIC TIMES TO THE MIDDLE AGES. By Hermann Schneider. New York: Harcourt Brace & Co. Two vols. 1931.

This scholarly work on civilization is not an outline, nor does it attempt to present a story of consistent steady progress, mainly because our extant knowledge does not support the theory of continuous advance. The author is not a weaver of patterns. Thus he begins about the period 1,000 B.C., because at this time one can observe the advance in man's cultural achievements. The evolution of mankind is not conceived as a coordinated process; it proceeded through a multitude of peoples, by fits and starts, by relapses and onward thrusts, often by the victory of a less civilized group, but usually through cross-breeding between races of a certain disparity. The widespreading solar religion of the Neolithic culture accounts for the civilizations of Egypt, Crete, Babylonia, Judea, Greece, and Rome. The author is annoyed by cultures which resulted in beliefs in immortality and in mysteries, and is inclined to admire the periods rich in rational thought. And while his task is mainly historical and the summing up of man's achievements of mental assimilation chronologically, he has also aimed to test his rich material by philosophical formulas of progress. It is a work of mature scholarship, concise and analytical, executed with skill and craftsmanship. To the race the world is an object of experience, and this experience which mankind has stored in its philosophy, religion, learning, literature, and art from the earliest dawn of civilization, is the principal theme of Schneider's work.

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ON UNDERSTANDING WOMEN. By Mary R. Beard. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1931. Pp. 532.

Mrs. Beard's quarrel is only with the histories that men have written, that by omitting the work of women in civilization the historians have abandoned the unity of human life. Her argument is not for women but for all mankind, for the enduring belief "that it is good to live, to love, to suffer and to labor." She unfolds a news reel history of woman's part in shaping civilization, a history comprehensive in scope though sketchy as to details. Primitive woman possessed a rich constructive mentality; she invented agriculture, the home, cooking, and the industrial arts. It

is also an irrefutable fact that Greek conceptual thought matured in the atmosphere of dual sex discussion and criticism; that women made and wrecked empires; managed large business affairs; figured as reformers, martyrs, revolutionists. The book is a valuable achievement; and it has reopened all the records of history, and not merely those of war and diplomacy, in order to win back a balanced view of human society. It is not the work of a feminist, for it runs deeper into the mainsprings of life. As for the future, Mrs. Beard sees the day when competence, not sex, will be the basis of all public service, when "masculinity as sex monopoly will yield to concepts of expertness."

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KING COTTON DIPLOMACY. By Frank Lawrence Owsley. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. 1931. Pp. 617.

In many respects Professor Owsley's book is the first thorough evaluation of the entire diplomatic history of the Confederacy in Mexico, England, France, and of the activities of Yancey, Mason, Pickett, Mann and other agents. It is not only the fullest history of foreign relations, the most scholarly and most comprehensive, but also the most challenging. He discards old, familiar truisms; he reevaluates the diplomatic history of the Confederacy in the light of economic factors. Thus he denies the moral effect of the abolition sentiment in England, and bluntly affirms, with a wealth of documentary material, that war profits were the determining factors in the decisions of the British Cabinet, and not considerations of law or morals. The Civil War brought enormous gains to the linen and woolen industries, to shipbuilders and munition makers, and permanently established the commercial supremacy of the British merchant marine. The Federal blockade was a failure, partly because the Federal navy was too small for effective blockading of 3,500 miles of coast line, and partly because Great Britain has persistently violated the Declaration of Paris.